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TARBOO

JANUARY 2012

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PUSSY RAW!"**

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SWEATS
FOR HER
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HIS TERRITORY
BOUND ANAL
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**RUBBER CLINIC
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TABOO Editorial

STRICTLY SPEAKING

Ernest Greene, *Executive Editor*

WRITE!

TABOO Magazine

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"When," wonders one of our regular correspondents, "did extreme right-wing politics become a kink?" We've been wondering about that ourselves. Back in the day, BDSM and associated proclivities were either the entirely closeted compulsions of otherwise regular citizens or the defiant embrace of transgressive pleasure by out leather-folk, who knowingly risked the economic, legal and social costs of sexual nonconformism. While there were many of the former, the latter were few in number and generally disposed toward social tolerance and communitarian values. Though always internally fractious, the whips-and-chains crowd shared a certain common set of ethics built around respect for diversity, the sanctity of consent in all our perky practices, and a powerful abhorrence of abusive behavior masquerading as sex play. In a small, embattled, marginalized subculture, there was a recognized need for all to watch each others' backs and be wary of power-hungry predators drawn to what might be an easily accessible reservoir of potential victims.

Not so anymore.

Not only is that era now gone, the leather community as an idea is pretty much gone with it, washed away by a huge influx of trendoids who reject those quaint values in favor of tea-bagger "individualism," sexist, patriarchal gender essentialism, and the hypocritical, crackpot religiosity of the Christian Domestic Discipline and Taken in Hand crowds. Not since the Victorian age has so much self-serving depravity been justified in the name of various philosophical and metaphysical nonsense. It's no wonder that so many of the sanest voices in the world of BDSM have faded in recent years. Just like the voices of moderation in this country's politics overall, they've been shouted down by ignorant, arrogant arrivists who find no inconsistency at all between the embrace of reactionary ideology and the practice of sexual deviation.

If you consider yourself a kinkster but still supported Proposition 8, we have only two words for you: *go away*. We do not covet your acceptance nor do we extend you ours.



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ANGELINA AND CHERRY CROSS OF CRUELTY

Photography by Andre Baylock



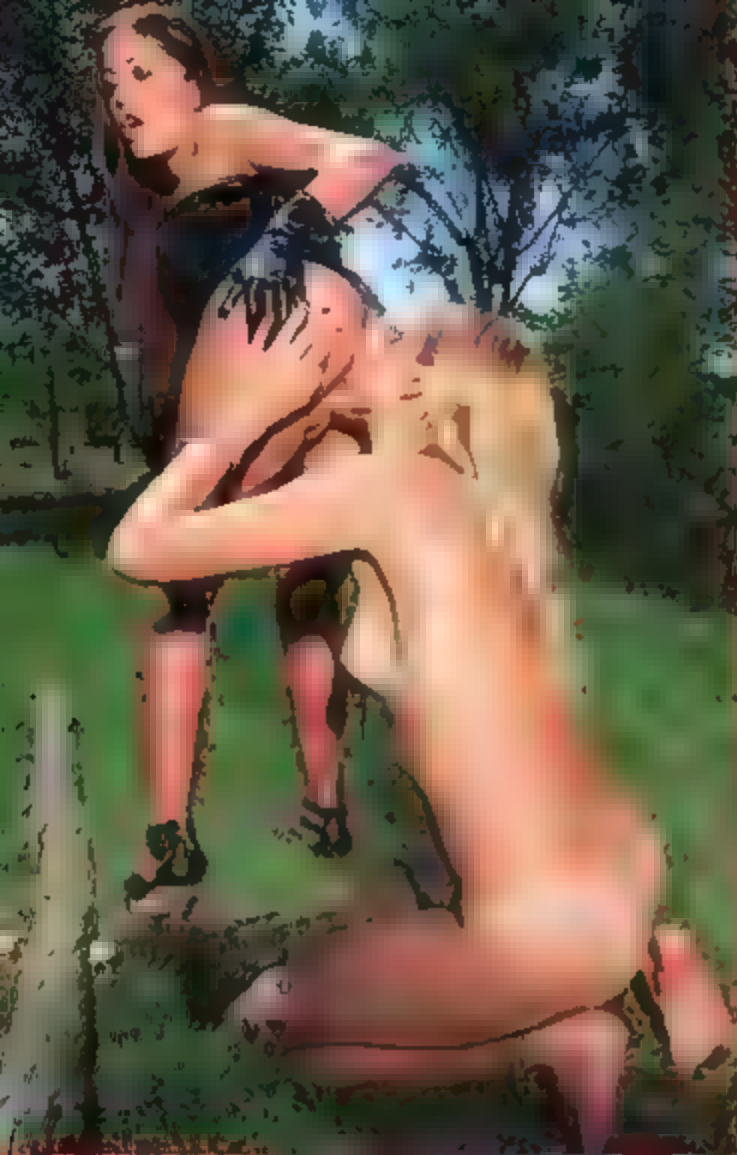
















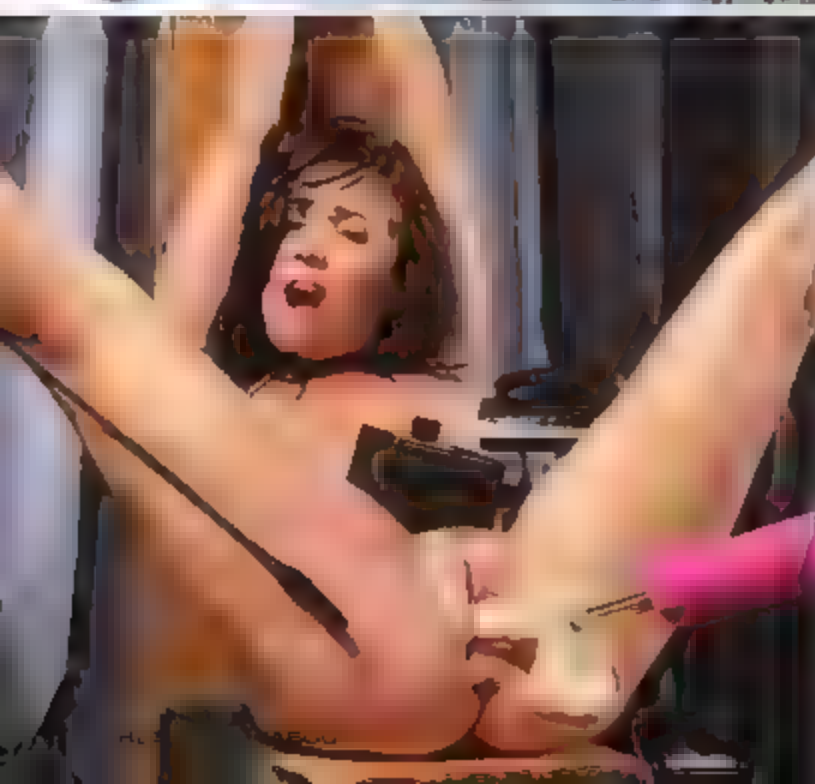
Cherry is a foolish girl. No one escapes from the slave traders' camp and those who try suffer as an example to the others. Chained naked for the heartless Angelina, the gang's cruelest and most perverse trainer, Cherry feels the searing slash of the whip as she hauls the rough heavy cross in a twisted mockery of religious martyrdom. The debauched, debily demanding the once virtuous girl's worship, sneeringly pisses on the ground, ordering Cherry to lick the dominas cunt clean and give her ass a good spanking. The pitiful slave tries her best, but even though her tormentor enjoys a shuddering orgasm, Cherry is nonetheless bound to the heavy wooden crucifix ass-up, fashed without mercy until red streaks rise on her silky skin, then poked helplessly to humiliating spasms of shameful pleasure with Mistress's strapon. Cherry's susceptibility to pleasure





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which there will be no release



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CHAIN MAIL

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CHAIN MAIL

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It's your soapbox, please keep those letters coming!

STARR BILLING

What could be more appealing than lovely fair-skinned Bobbi Starr *Bobbi: A Stretch Behind Bars*, December 2011, strung up in a cage and packed front and rear with rude objects? On your boy, come-hither expressions while expelling an enema and emptying her bladder. When it comes to doing nasty things in a convincing, sophisticated manner I'd say she's unbeatable, but luckily for us viewers, she can take a whipping with the best of them, as well.

—F. Santa Fe, New Mexico

DELIVERING THE GOODS

Could a girl possibly be more beautiful than Malena *Malena: After Hours Delivery*, December 2011? Hard to imagine. Lean and curvy in all the right places, her seductive gaze inspires a kind of wicked ideas. The bondage and whipping just seem to make her more eager to play with her pretty pink parts. What a dream it would be if that pick up truck stopped to deliver in my neighborhood.

—S. Calvin, Modesto, California

KINK THINGS

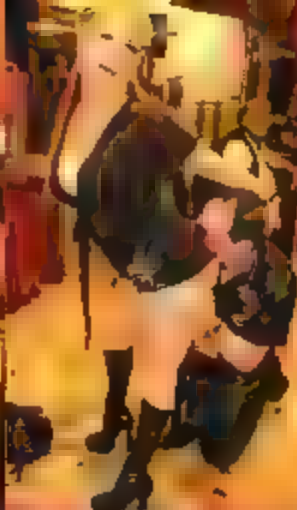
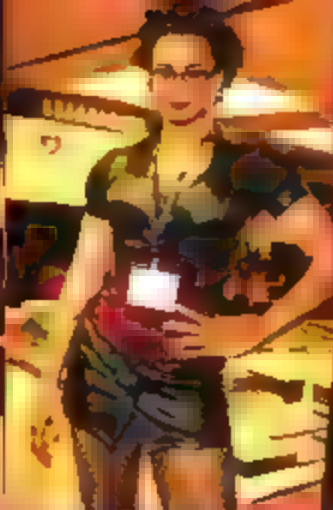
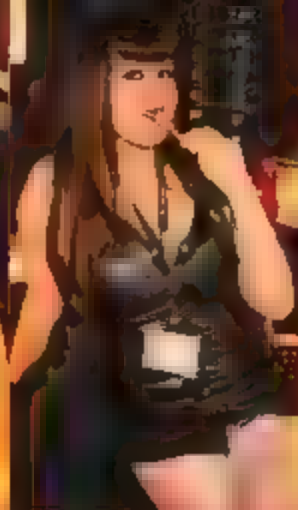
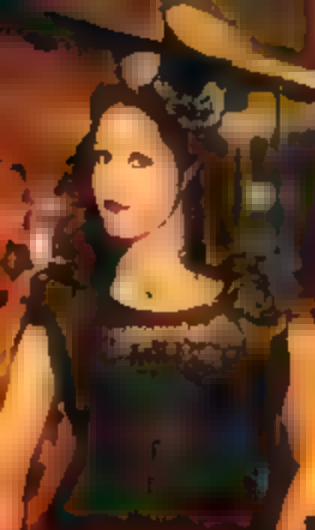
Thanks for your thought-provoking December 2011 article *Defining Deviance* by Ernest Greene. I'm a relative newcomer to the world of kink, but I've already encountered plenty of the rigid extremism the author calls out. I've been put off many times by the arrogance of those who assume that just because I'm submissive I have no needs or wants of my own and shouldn't feel entitled to get as much pleasure as I give. I do hope to have a Master of my own one day, but don't ever intend to partner up with someone who makes a religion out of controlling everyone and everything around him. These people need to get lives. They certainly have no place in mine.

—Sheryl D., Bennington, Vermont

MACHINE DREAMS

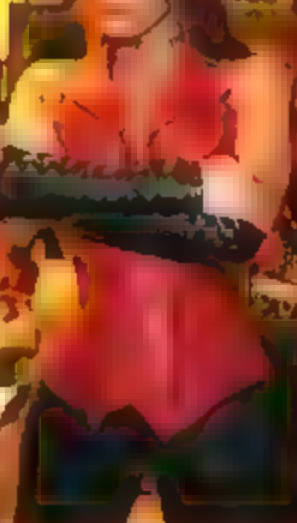
My slave and I both enjoyed the raunchy realism of your December 2011 feature *After: Drilled for Duty*. The obviously genuine whipmarks, the stark settings, the wide-open bondage positions and especially the double-hole drilling with the fuck machine were made all the more authentic by lovely A.J.'s sweetly suffering facial expressions. This is BDSM imagery so believable it might have come from our very own dungeon. Thanks for the inspiration.

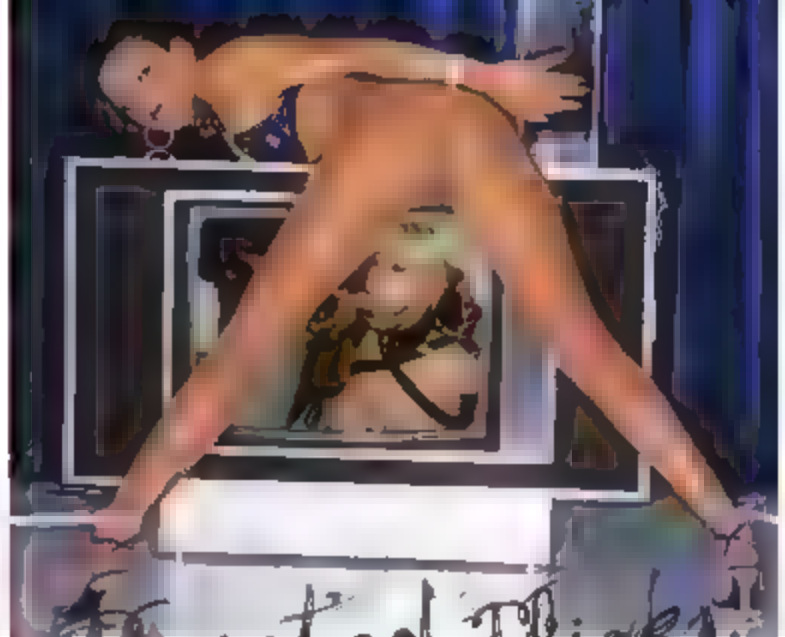
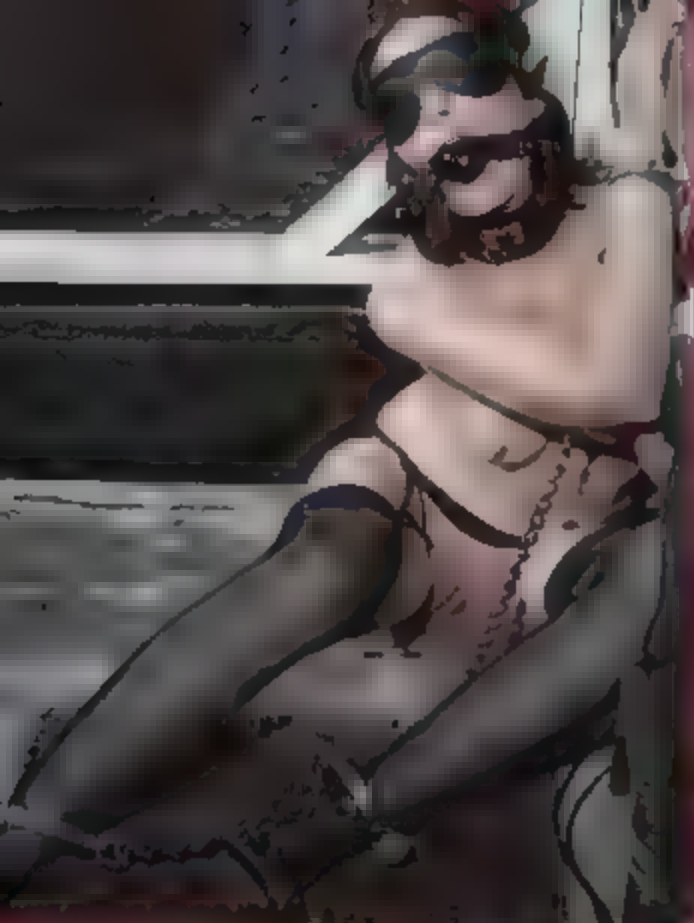
—Master Jack, slave C, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania



DOMINANT DELIGHT

Celebrating its fourth year, DomCon Los Angeles brought together a lively mix of professional dominatrixes from around the world, their admirers and a happy throng of initiates with varied interests. Some serious topics, ranging from legal issues to marketing, were addressed in industry-only seminars. Those recreationally inclined shopped among vendors and attended sit-down dinners, fashion shows, play parties, awards ceremonies, and a grand fetish ball where fashionable powerdolls strutted their finest while experienced players found well-equipped spaces in which to pursue their sophisticated enjoyments. This is a truly excellent, well-presented event, combining learning opportunities with plenty of lusty cheer. It just keeps getting better each year. Special thanks to Sanctuary's Missions Team and the by their excellent organizational efforts. See you at the next one.





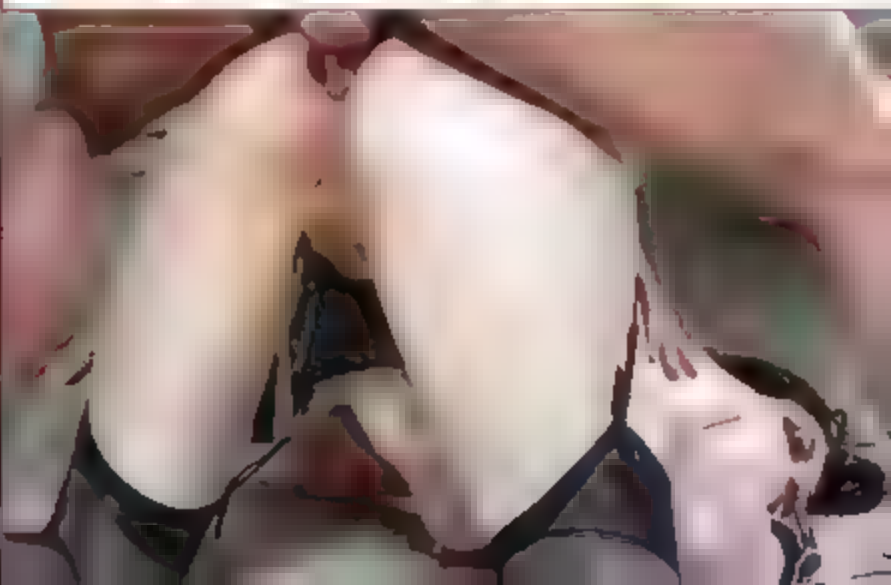
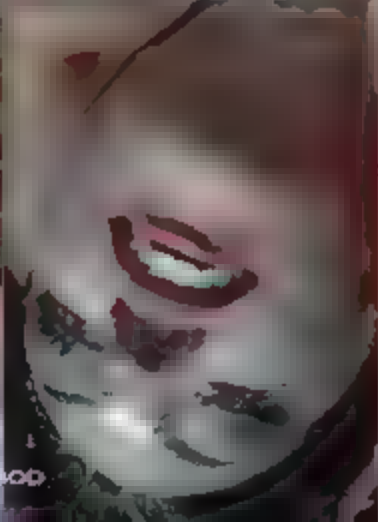
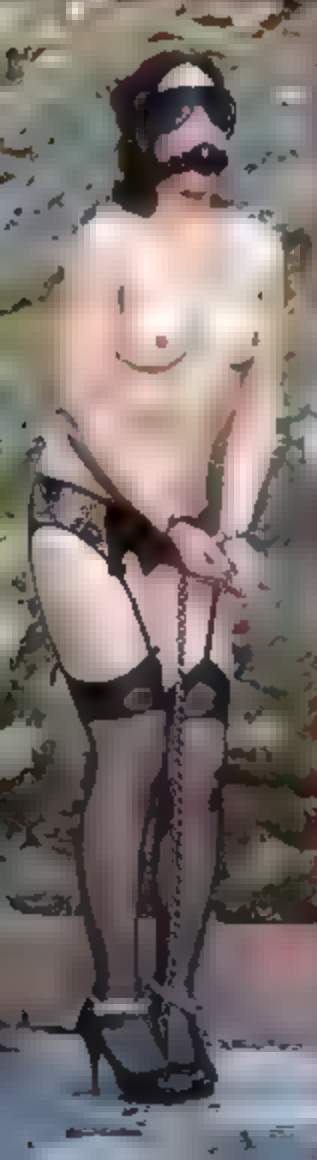
Twisted Flicks

TABOO'S Highest Rating

SLAVE 06

4 Whacks
Featuring **Slave Sarah, T.J. Cummings**
Running time: 80 minutes.

Director Dave Naz, whose photograph work frequently graces these pages, brings heat and tension out of a format more restrictive than the vintage Hyatt shackles worn by the titular character, as she trades naked bondage and gagging in a messy shed awaiting her Master. When Master T.J. finally shows up to throw her over his shoulder and carry her into his ramshackle dwelling, the proceedings are made watchable by the appealing performance. There's a bit of bondage, some perfectly flogging, an impressive application of clothespins to some Slave Sarah's tits and pussy, and the posable collar she wears throughout for BDSM cred, but this vid's main way to wall rough sex with a D.S.V.B. Even though Sarah does little more than whimper and cry her masochist off the way she holds her positions and follows T.J.'s raunchy orders, sells her submission admirably. Skat-fucked mercilessly, ass stuffed with big rubber balls she has to suck clean after, flushed repeatedly from a bulging enema bag through multiple expulsions, and then finally made to spread her ass in a wide gape for hammering buggery, she slips into an endorphin-haze recognizable as sub-space. At the end of a very long day, she's returned to the shed, well-used but not necessarily abused, and the viewer, if aroused by the standard playbook of gonzo gross out in a kinky context, is likely to feel much the same way. It may not be exactly your kind of fun, but we can definitely dance to it. —E.G.



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Fetish Focus

Best of the Breeders

Pregnancy may not be the most common fetish, but it's surprisingly popular among dedicated pervs going all the way back to Sade, in whose work impregnated slaves are frequently subjected to some of his most debauched deviations. Though not always BDSM specific, pregnancy is both a kink in its own right and in many instances, combined with bondage or slavery, an added enhancement to the plight of a subservient miss.

There are various speculations regarding the attraction of pregnant bodies, and the overlap of that attraction with other deviant fascinations. Some are purely physiological and others freighted with saucy implications of a darker sort.

Fetishism by nature exaggerates gender characteristics, hence the giant tits, constricted waists and flaring hips typical of the women who appear in fetish illustrations. The more outrageously feminine they appear, the more they stimulate the male fascination with the mysteries of gender dimorphism. And nothing signifies the apotheosis of femininity like pregnancy. For one thing, only women experience it, making it a defining aspect of their identities. And there's nothing subtle about the

way in which pregnancy magnifies the differences between male and female bodies. Pregnant women's tits swell to enormous proportions, pop out in big, blue veins signalling the onset of lactation, a fetish in itself. Nipples expand to silver-dollar size as their pigmentation darkens, develop hypersensitivity, and will eventually start to leak.

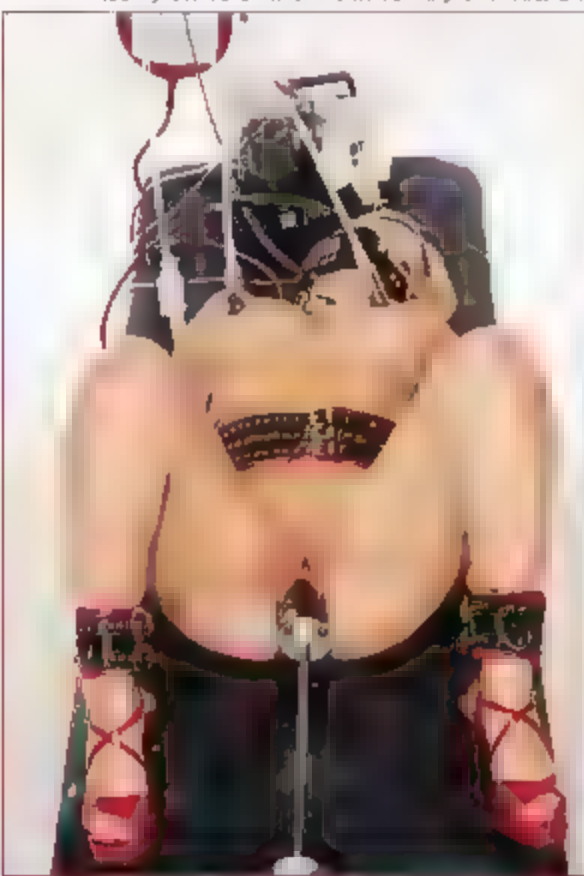
Similarly, pussies are also enlarged to an almost caricaturelike extent, permanently swollen as if aroused beyond measure at all times. This effect isn't entirely visual either. Many, though by no means all, pregnant women develop the same fervent craving for sex they feel for ice cream (at times wanting both simultaneously). Bodies turned into hormone factories working overtime, minds constantly reminded of the process by which they were knocked up whenever they look in the mirror, some pregnant women experience temporary erotomania (though the effect is unpredictable) and others find the r. bidos severely and unpredictably diminished. Heightened physical responsiveness often accompanies the sudden urgency to fuck, lowering orgasmic thresholds and creating all manner of itching, tingling and hypersensitivity to invite the attentions of an eager partner.

Then there's the belly itself, symbol of fertility all the way back to the Venus of Willendorf and literally the embodiment of everything feminine. Its very presence is unmistakable proof that the woman from whom it protrudes ever more outrageously got fucked some months before. It's proof of insemination, which is an idea that many men are so programmed to



perpetuate the species, find highly arousing in itself. Not only does it establish a woman's feminine credentials beyond doubt, it's also a visible manifestation of male potency.

Along with the physiological changes that occur during pregnancy, there are also psychological processes loaded with sexual implications. Pregnant women are both physically and emotionally more vulnerable, readily brought to tears, keenly aware of their relative helplessness, and particularly protective of their

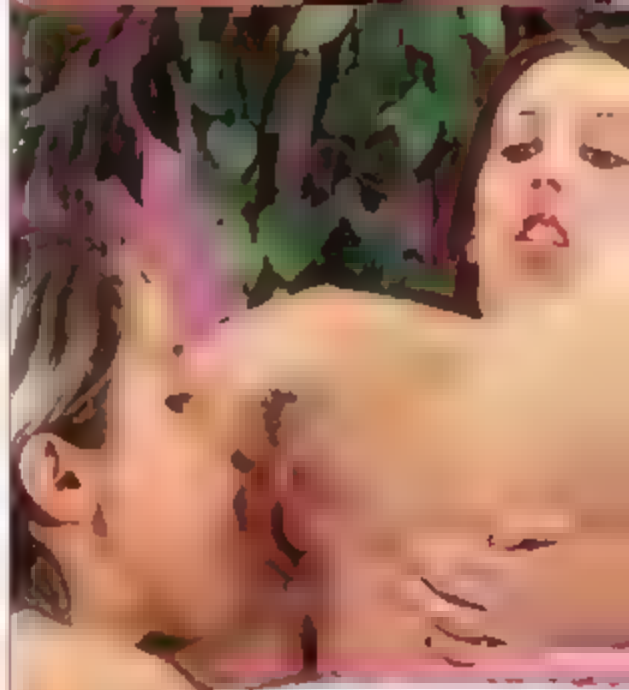
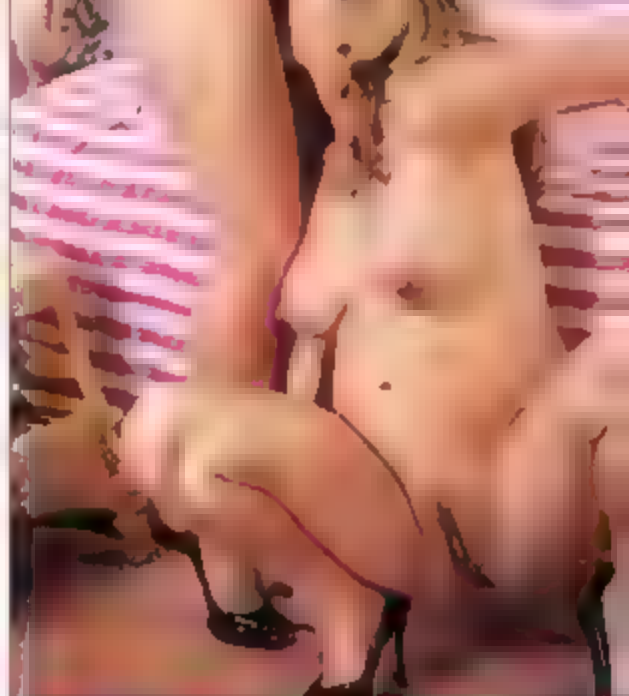
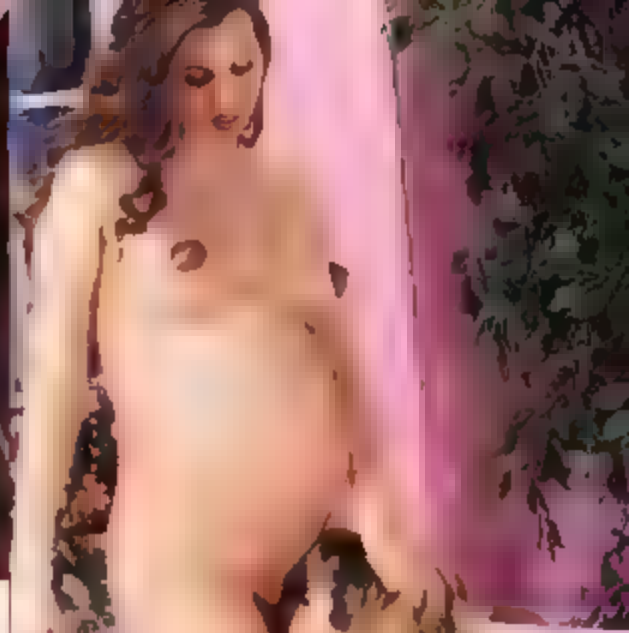


runaway anatomy. That vulnerable quality pushes certain buttons in the dominant male psyche. The antiquated description of pregnancy as a delicate condition says volumes to a sadistic imagination, craving the greatest possible delicacy in a partner who can be controlled or tormented by a variety of means ranging from milking pumps to oversized dildos. It's no wonder that pregnant slaves appear in some of the most outrageous BDSM pornographic illustrations. They make such ideal objects of cruel ingenuity, reduced to suffering bitches wadding obscenely as they wait to be whipped, kept utterly barefoot and pregnant at the whims of their keepers.

And then there is the fantasy of insemination as a form of domination in itself. There is a substantial body of kinky porn lit. having to do with slave breeding farms and the use of impregnation to further enslave a woman to her master, the evidence of whose

carnal use of her is obvious for all to see. Captive breeding is a recurring theme in BDSM literature. Harem inmates are bred to increase the size of a ruler's clan. In the ancient world, breeding slaves were used to create "new inventory" for the flesh trade. Control of a woman's reproductive capabilities is the most intimate form of mastery possible. It enlists biology as a powerful tool in reducing a woman to utter helplessness as a vessel for her master's sperm and the perpetuation of his rule.

While there are many, many men who find the distortions of normal female anatomy occasioned by pregnancy the very opposite of appealing, for a certain percentage of sophisticated kinksters, everything about the breeding process is arousing. Indeed, as a friend once observed, she never got hit on so many times in such a short period in her life as when she was carrying. Where pregnancy is concerned, instinct and imagination can combine to produce powerful fetishistic desire.

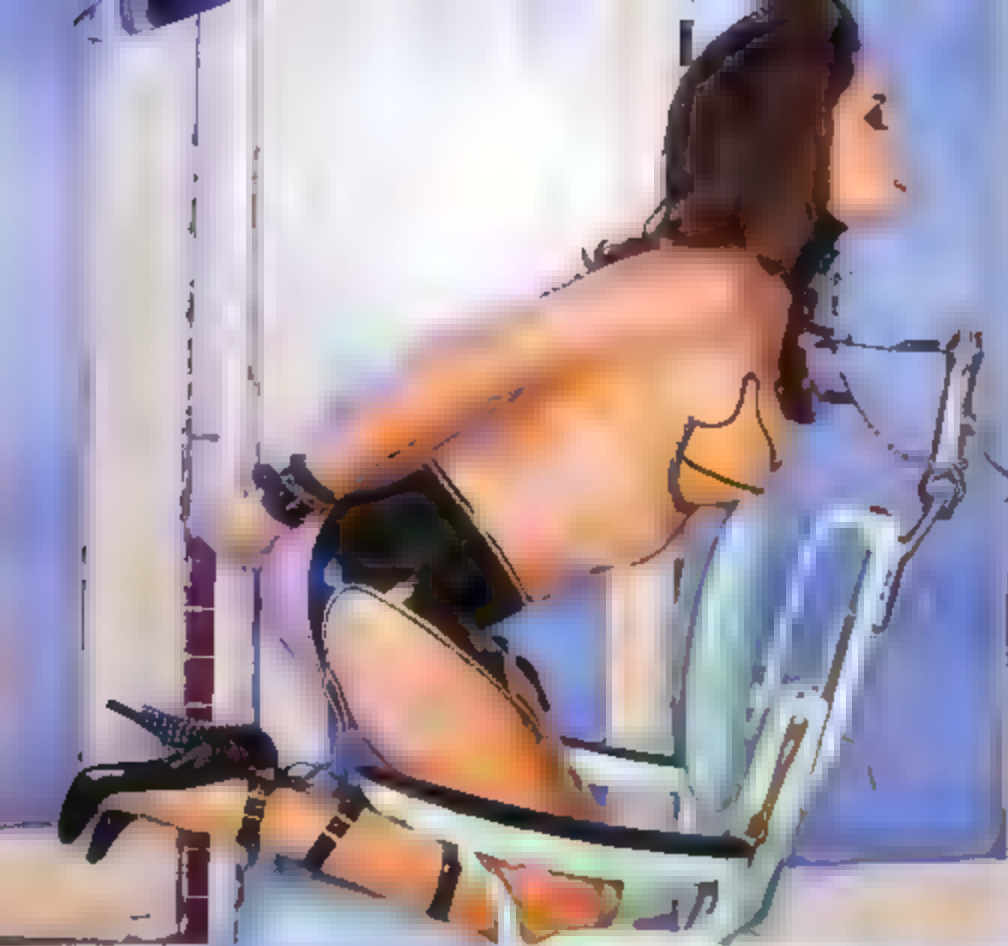


A full-page photograph of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair. She is wearing a black choker, a black strapless corset, black high-cut underwear, and black high-heeled sandals with multiple straps. She is holding a black horizontal bar across her shoulders with both hands. She is standing in a room with a white shower door and a white bathtub in the background. The floor is covered with a patterned rug. The lighting is soft and even.

RYAN TAKING THE CURE

*Photography by
Nelly Randall*





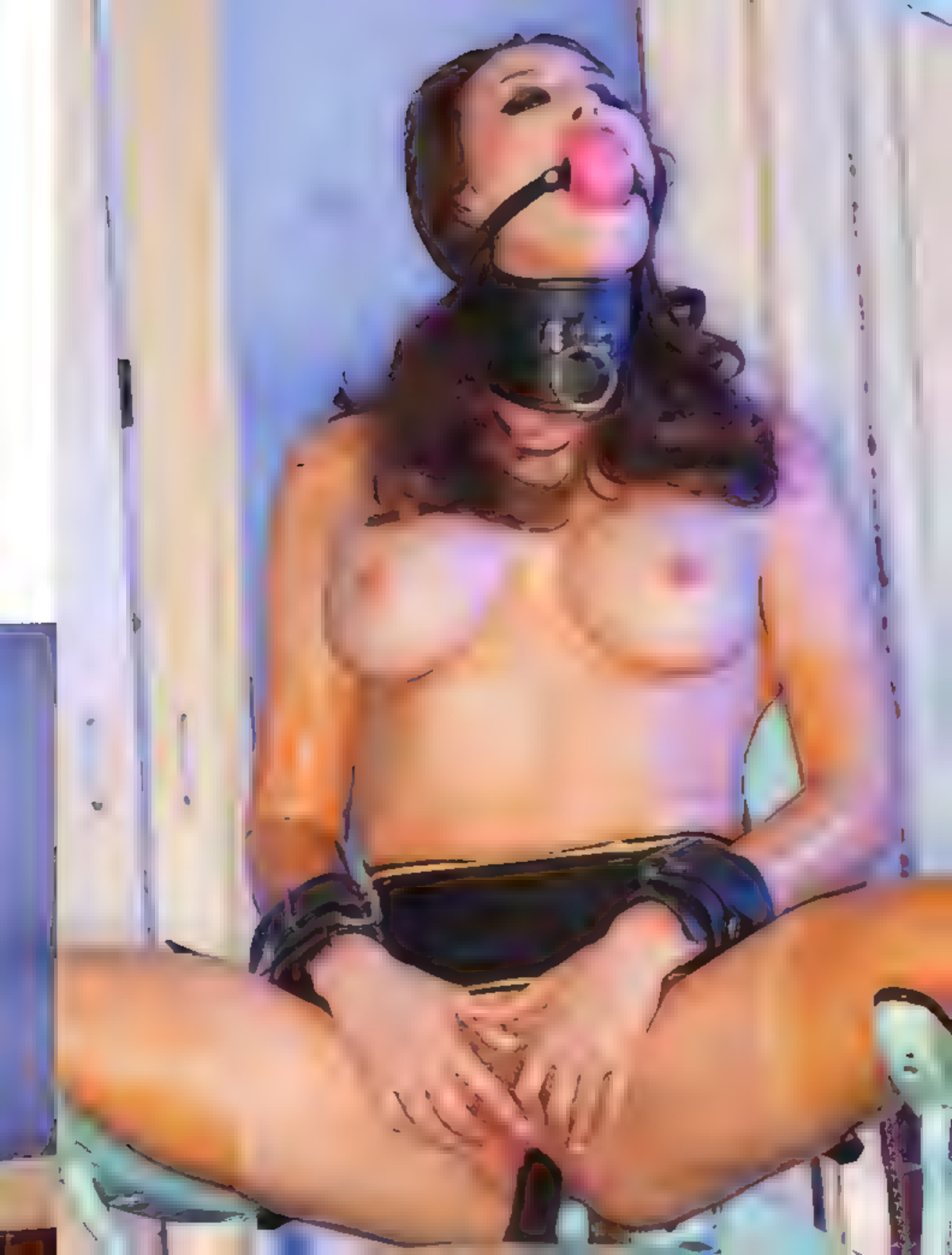




Ryan's a challenge to train for save service, obedient but stubborn, discharging her duties without the physical responses that make a good slave great. Fortunately, the Clinic has a special regimen for treating this problem, and Ryan's Master visits weekly to evaluate her progress. Tiptoeing into the exam room, yoked, packed in latex and balancing on her multi-strap training heels, Ryan presents herself in the chair, spread for inspection. Between the shots and the stimulation devices, they're doing a good job of keeping her wet and ready at all times. The rigid bondage certainly improves her posture. But what of her pain tolerance? Kneeling to offer her ass, Ryan takes the crop repeatedly with minimal squirming and moaning, a good sign. She even remembers to display the marks on her behind, keeping her hands up in back to leave her holes unobstructed.

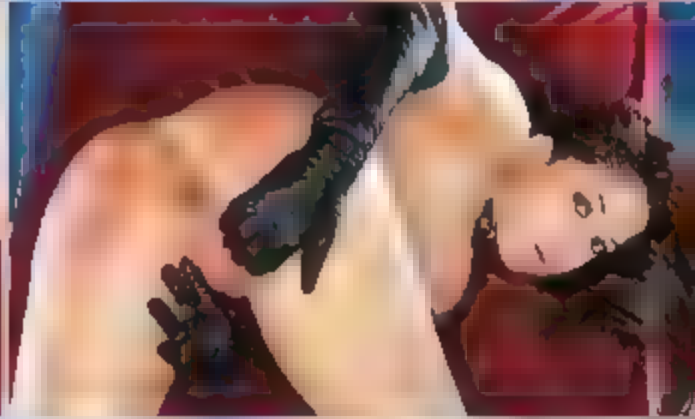
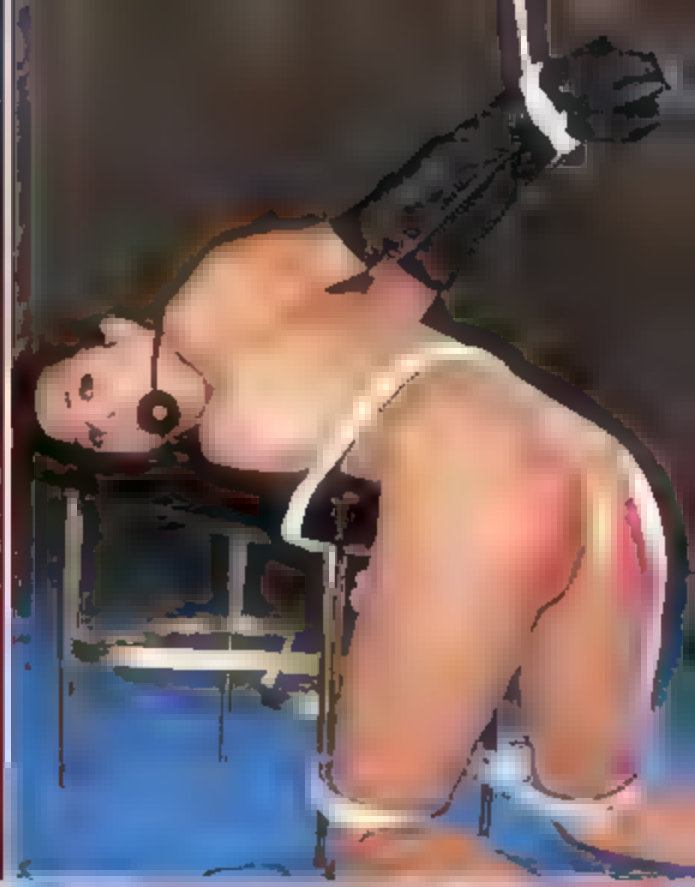
Still, it's Ryan's internal responses that he wants perfected. Posture-coiffed and bagged, she must get herself off with the black vibe, convincing him of her conditioning wordlessly. Her parts function perfectly, the intruding probe glistening with her juices as she strokes it in and out, looking him in the eye while rubbing her clit in ever more frantic circles. The sudden twitching, body rigid, sweat beading up around the latex, is proof enough, but one more week at the Clinic for good measure can only improve her further. Ryan groans, realizing it may be a while before he takes her home again.











Dear Nina

I've had a strong interest in submission for many years and am just now exploring it. I have some ideas of what I'd like such as spanking and oral service but am open to trying new things with the right person (and sex and strict bondage come to mind). I've dabbled in online forums and exchanged emails with some men who identify as Dominant and have the following question: How can I tell a real Dominant from a garden-variety jerkwad? I don't want to end up a crime statistic but vanilla sex just doesn't cut it for me anymore. —*Holding Out for the Real Thing, Boise, Idaho*

Dear Holding:

Welcome to a very large club! You're wise to be cautious, as meeting people online bypasses the tradition of meeting face to face at kink-specific functions, where there are others present to offer endorsements or warnings. A smart submissive wants to be tied up by those who have her safety in mind as well as her pleasure, and you can't rely on these things based solely on what's observable through electronic communication.

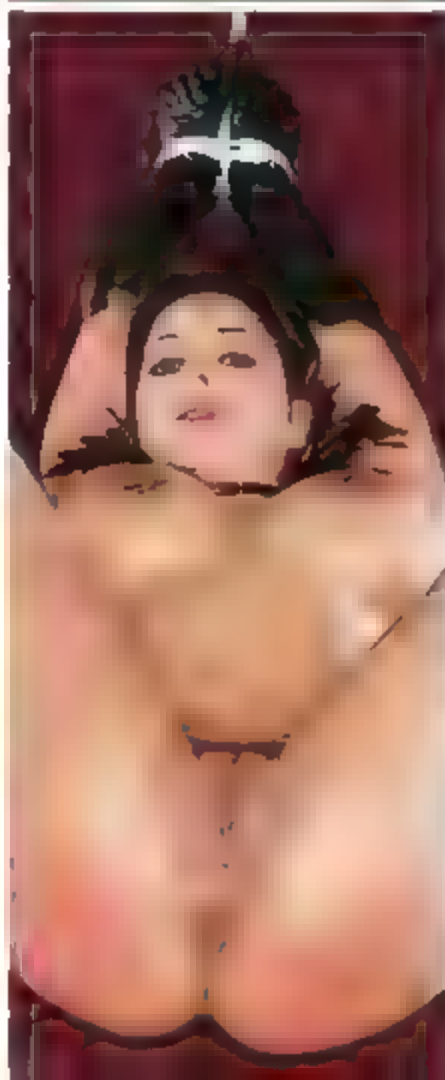
The rules for choosing a kinky partner are not that much different than those for choosing a vanilla partner: Is there chemistry between you? Do you share interests beyond the dungeon? Do you feel safe with him? Does he make you laugh? You should listen to your gut in this area. There are some red flags. If someone is disrespectful of your stated limits or desires, pushes back against any questions you may have by saying, "It's supposed to feel that way," or "Because in the Dom" never finds your efforts to please him good enough, tries to limit your contact with your friends and family, hasn't had any previous partners or has only "scened" online, pushes for sex before you're ready, boasts that he can "lure you into submission," wants to be called Master on your first meeting, or says he will

SUB SPACE

BY NINA HARTLEY



TABOO'S Sub-Space is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this forum for fem-sub BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with TABOO readers. This month, XIX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play as both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.



set your limits for you... pass.

When you do meet someone, take it as slowly as you need to. In order to truly submit we must trust our partners. When they've earned it, the experience of putting ourselves into their hands is sublime and well worth the wait. Happy hunting.

Dear Nina,

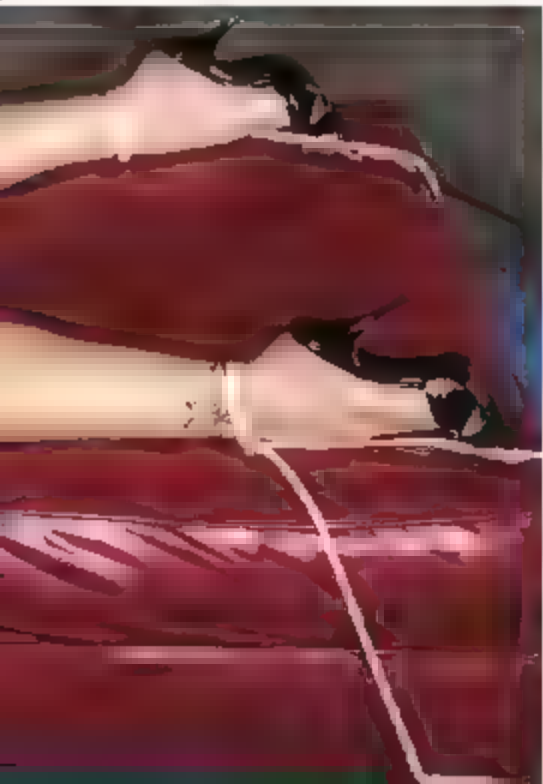
Please help me understand something. I've been dating my Master for nearly two years and I consider myself his sex slave in every way. I love to dress to suit his taste (he has a thing for the classy/sexy office look, and have a great collection of expensive lingerie and stockings to show for it. I enthusiastically submit to him and love being his dirty girl, drink his piss whenever he lets me, and ATMs make my pussy drip. I wear his mark tattooed on my backside, and have had my nipples and crotch pierced for him. In the bedroom, I'm entirely his property and we both like it that way. What's my problem? I keep reading that he can't "really" be my Master, or I his slave, because I don't give him control over my money, let him choose my friends, or have him tell me what to do when we're not actually playing. Master says he's very happy and we have a great time together. Can I be a real slave while still needing to keep control of my life when I'm not kissing his boots?

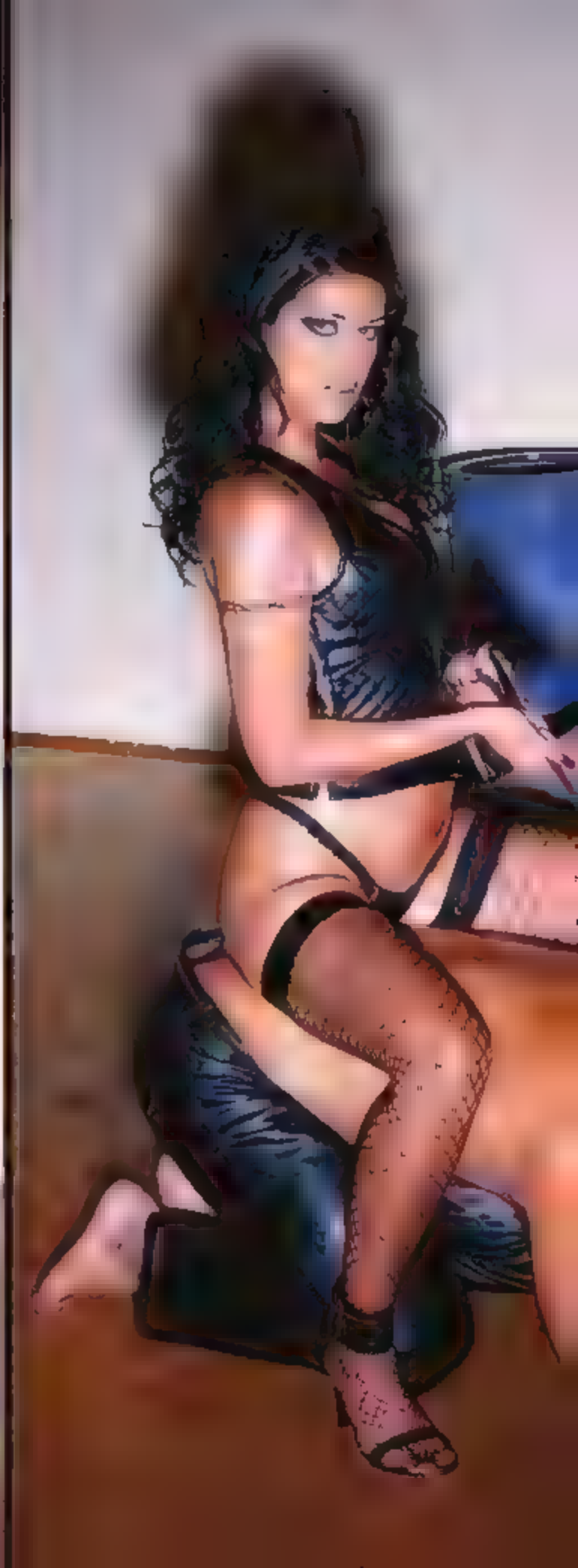
—*Starting to Wonder, Eugene, Oregon*

Dear Starting:

In a word, yes. No matter what the more submissive-than-thou types may say, you're a "real" slave to your Master because both you and he experience you that way. Your Master says he's happy and he's the one who should know. What's more important to him: having you run errands and do his taxes, or pushing you through tears as you work your ass onto a large plug while he hurts your tits as you cry?

Some seem to forget that an M/s relationship is made of two equal people who agree to play certain parts in each other's lives. Clearly, your slavery is primarily sexual in nature and that's the way you both want it. The rights your Master has over you were negotiated beforehand, along with any hard limits either of you may have. Unless and until you both decide to renegotiate them in some other way, your dynamic functions just as you both intend it for some reason it stops working for you, which seems very unlikely from your description: you have the freedom to release yourself at anytime regardless of anyone else's judgments in the matter. You're no less of a slave than a person who insists loudly, "I could never leave because Master owns my ass and that's that!" And he's no less a Master just because some envious neglected unpaid domestic help puts him down as a "bedroom Dom." What other room is more important for the kind of slave you happen to be and he happens to want. There's no Great Book of Slave Rules that defines these things for everyone. Enjoy your play and don't worry about what others may think.





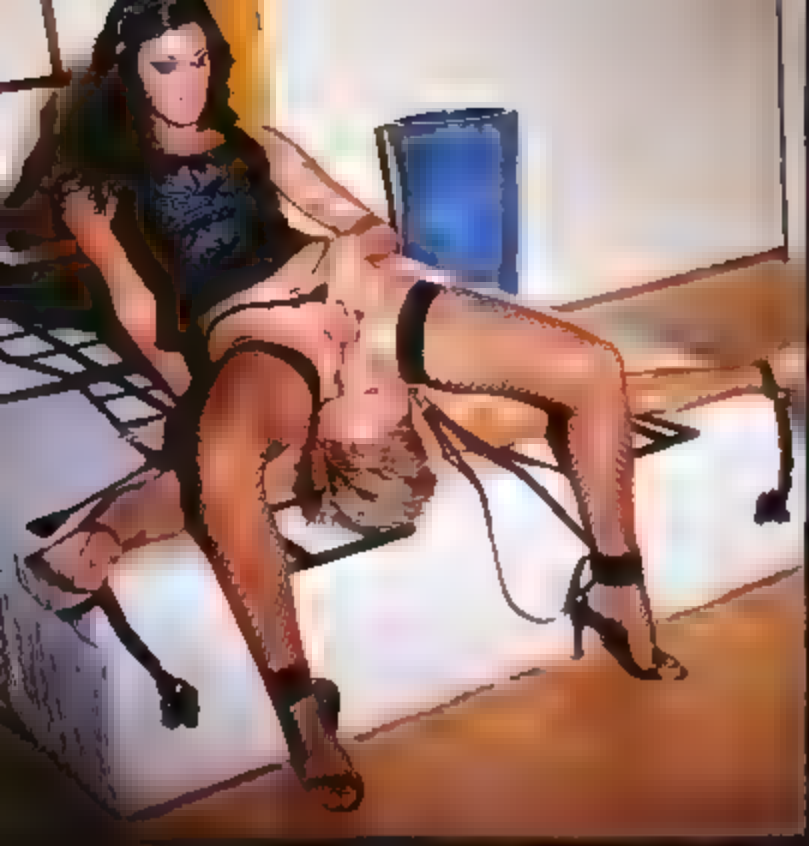
MISTRESS CLAUDIA TAKES THE LEAD

Photography by GENTY'S DEFRANCESCO

The bare hotel room is fine. I carry everything I need in a small valise, but the most important implement of my power is between my legs, as Clark instantly understands when I slide my wet G-string up his spine while riding him to the mattress. He's a nice piece of meat, solid under my stiletto heel and quick to rise with a bit of teasing. We're going to have a fine time.

Once I've got him lashed down, I make the special assessment, force-feeding him a mouthful of my juicy, pink meat. He munches pretty good, for a gay. He's just as enthusiastic about my other hole when I turn around to straddle his face with my hunches. I could hick back all night with Clark's tongue up my ass, but his throbbing dick is just too tempting. A few smacks with the whip, a nice rope harness to

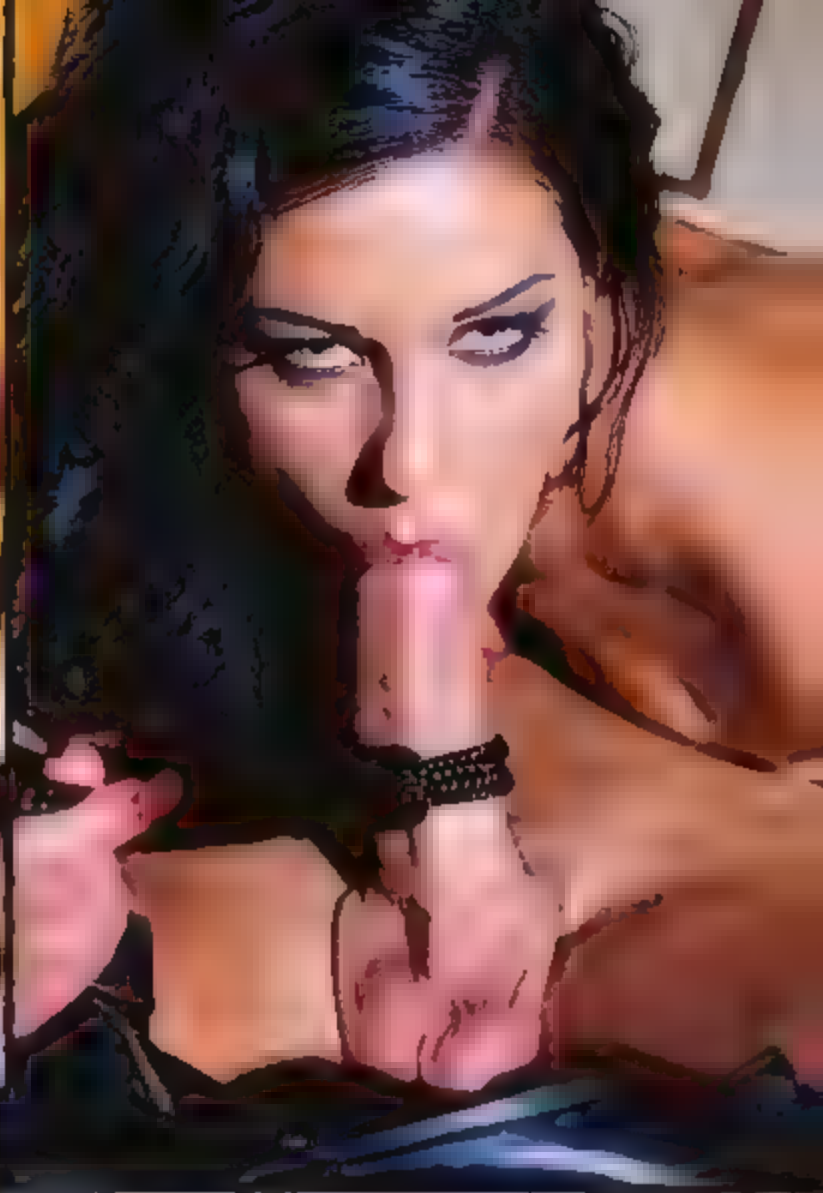
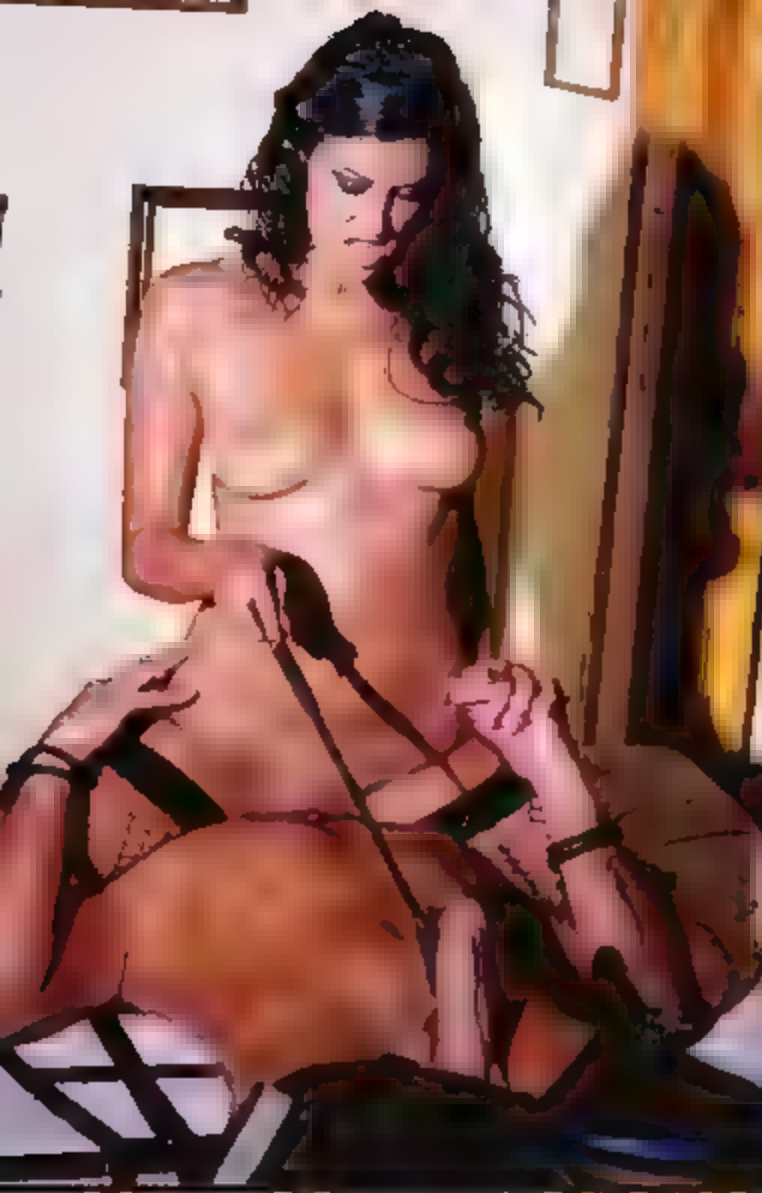




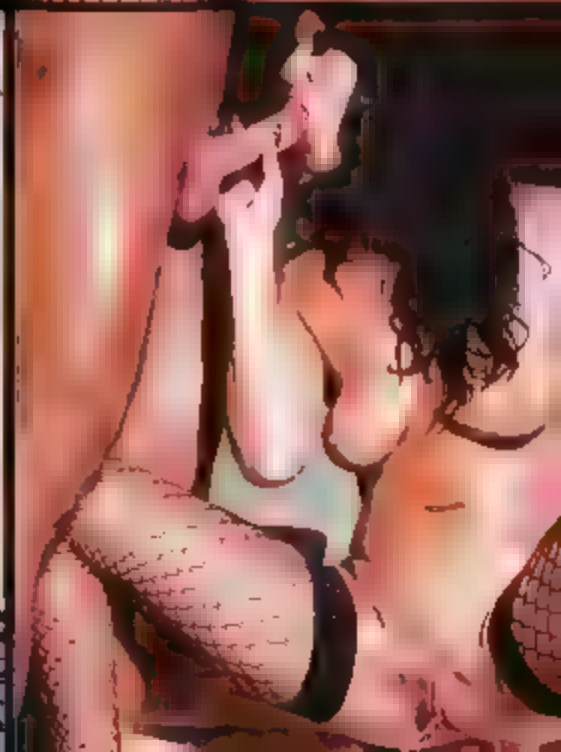
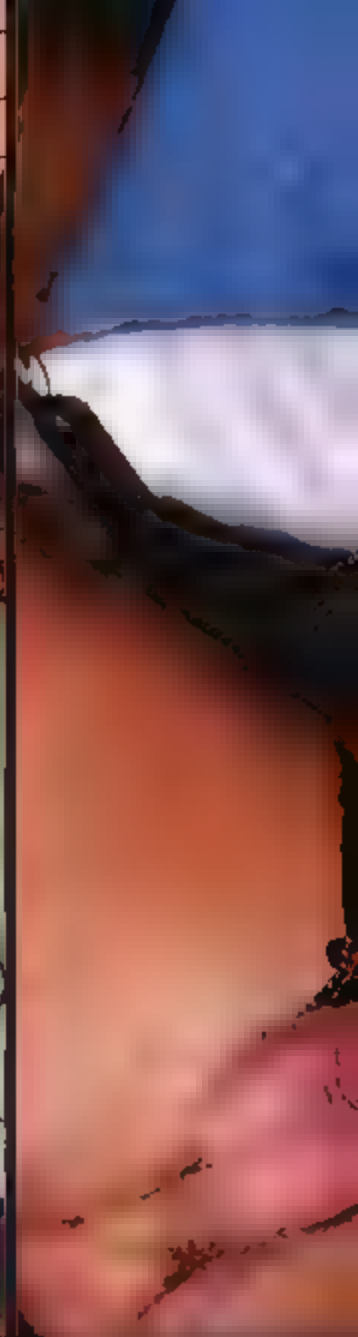
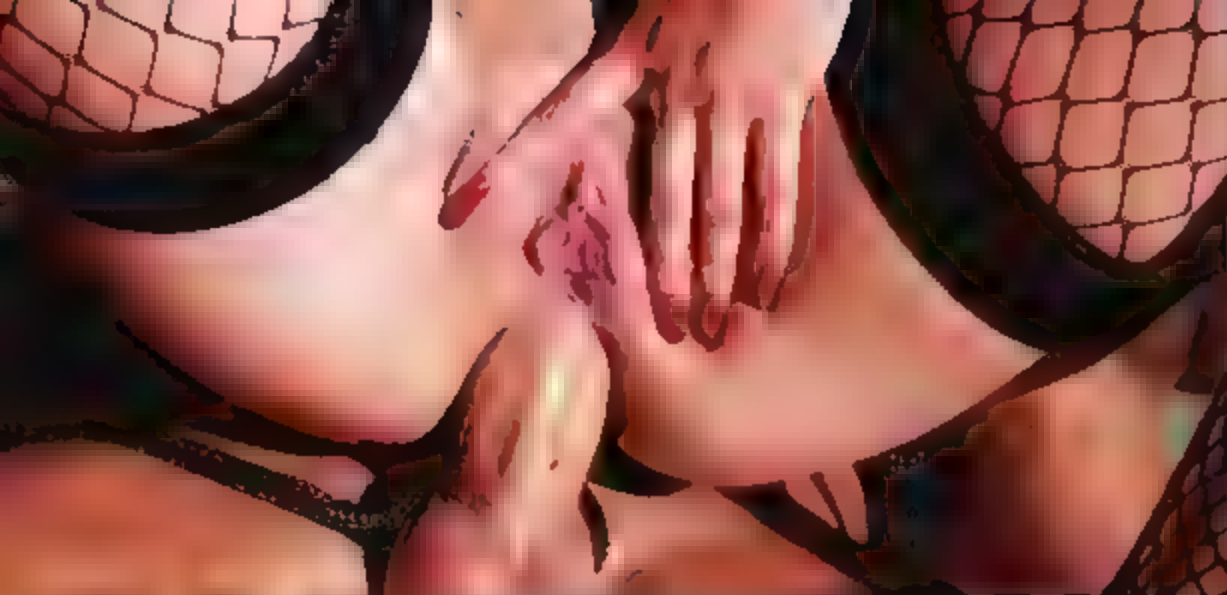
control the beast and it's good enough to eat. I'm not
believers about this kind of thing, taking my fun how-
ever I want it. Even with his cock down my throat, sunk
in the clutching depths of my cooze or buried up my ass,
I'm still in charge. I ride at my own speed, spurring him
with the leather as needed. He's always ready to give me
a good pounding when I need it, and stands at attention
so I can snare his snake and pump out all that saved-up
spunk when I'm ready for my favorite cocktail.
And then I'm gone. I bring what I need and I take
what I came for. That's why I'm always invited back.

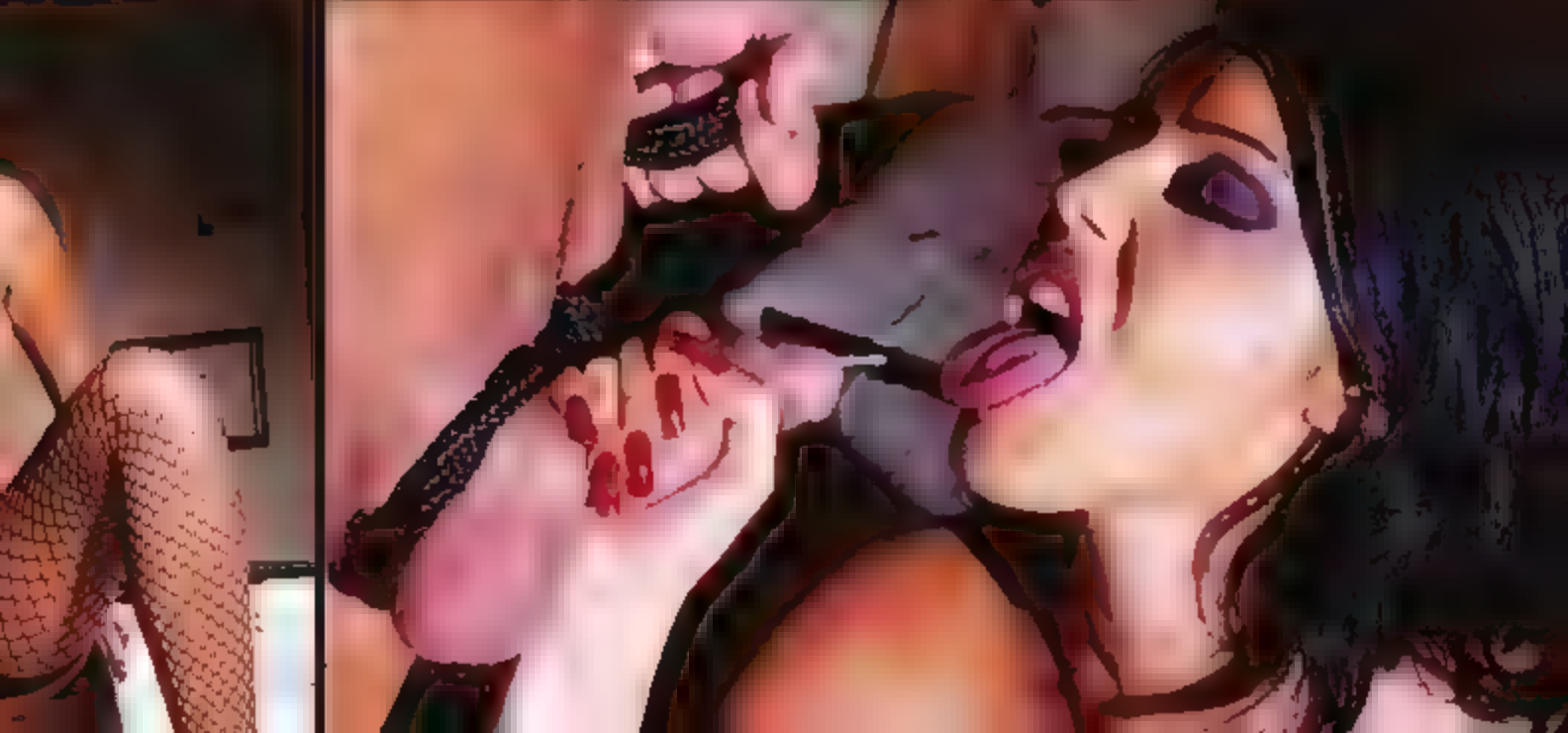














ELLE

SCHOOL FOR SINNERS

Photography by Lee Forbes

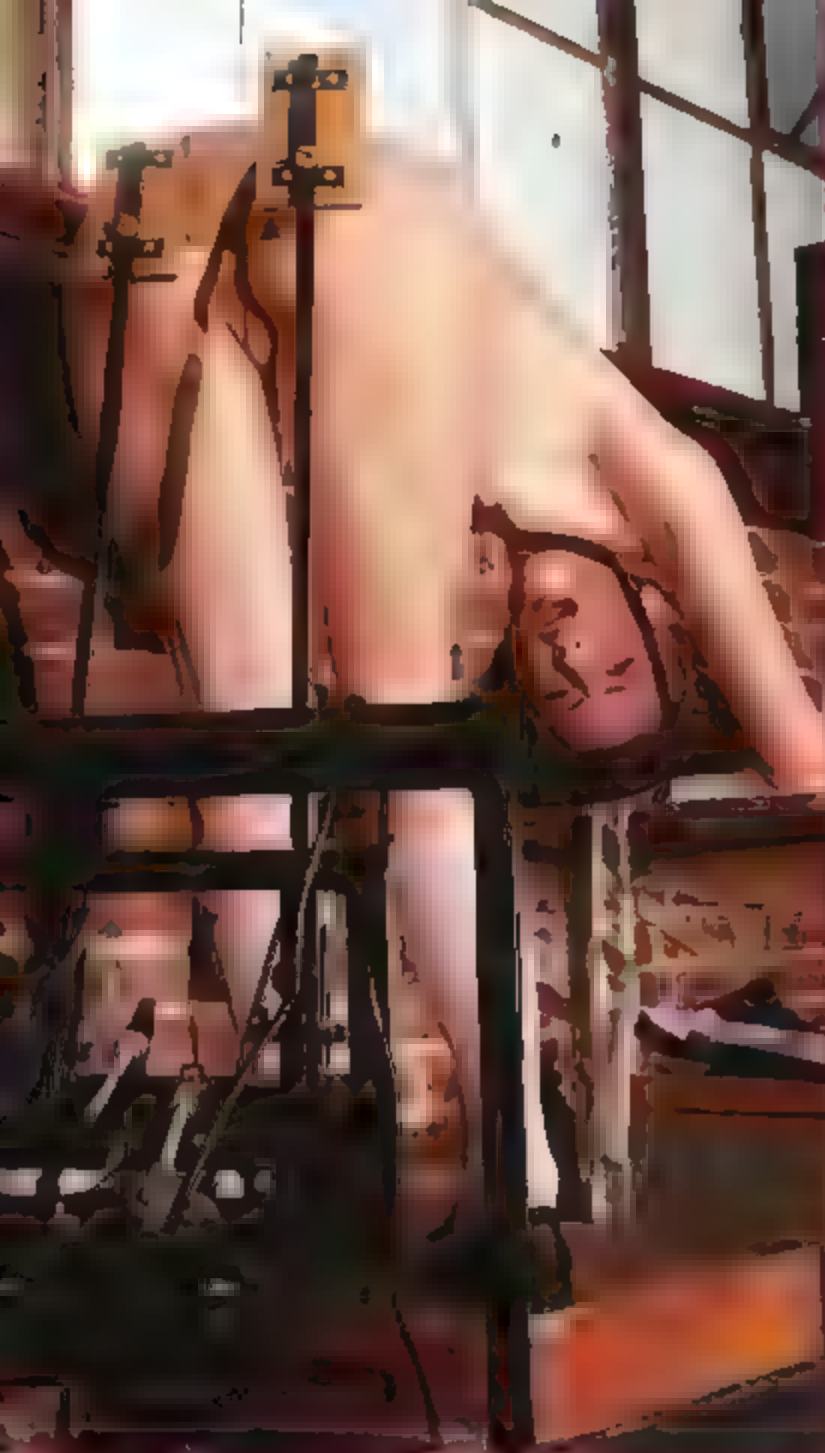






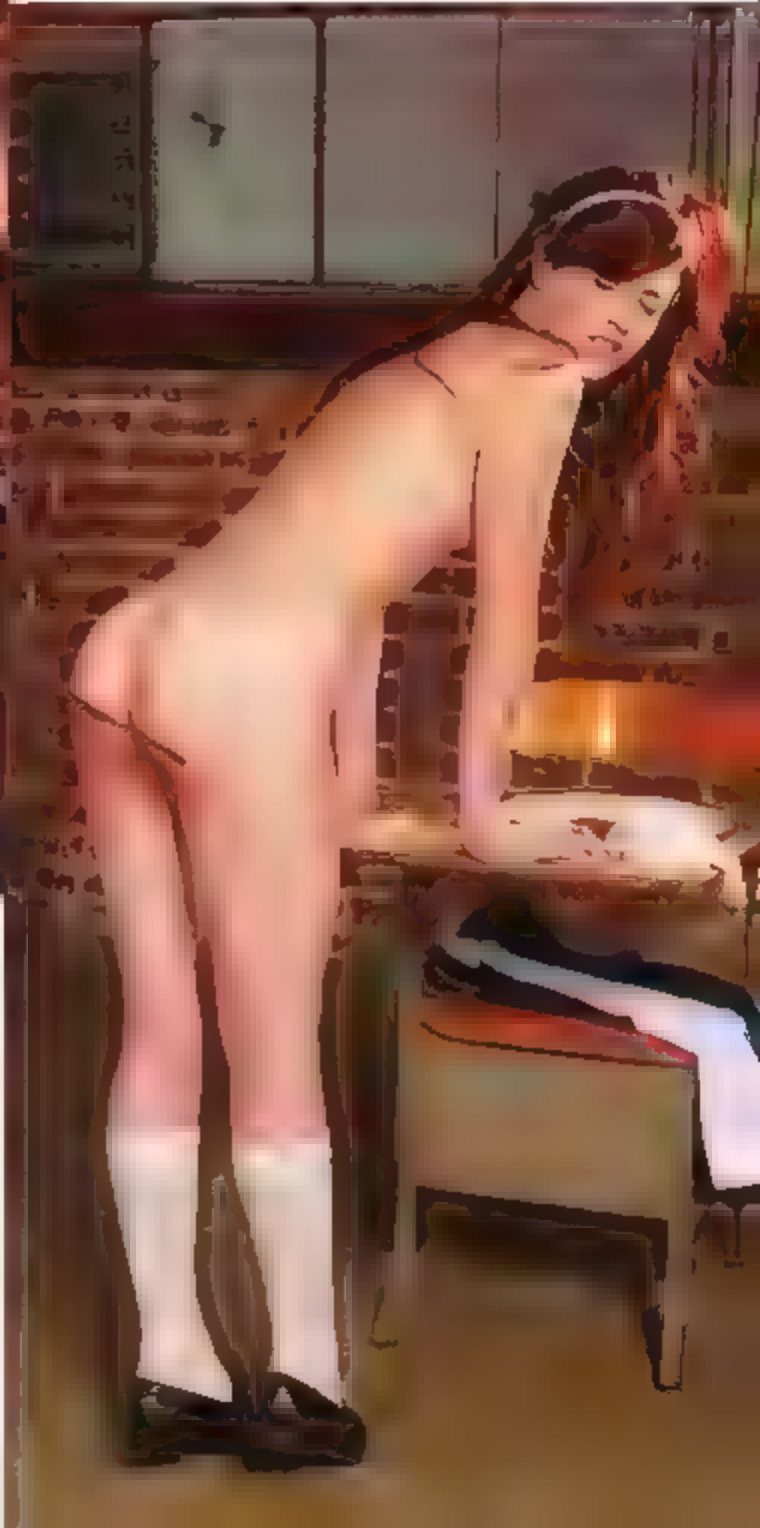






especialy when strpped naked and worked w th the rubber dildo until I come n spite of myself with embarrass ng speed

Obviously such an undisciplined slut requires more severe discipline. However nothing could have prepared me for the spanking machine the relentless hammer ng of its twin wooden paddles slamming my ass cheeks raw n accelerat ng rhythm until the tears flow as I bend over the desk. The final application of the cane to my roased rump and then to my shamefully wet thighs produces one more loud climax. It's a so dreadful I just have to make another appointment for more fufilling next week.



I got the address in a whisper from a friend. The thought of the "special school" for naughty girls got my panties wet on the way over but once dressed in my modest uniform and facing the stern instructor I was glad he did not give me time for second thoughts. I tried to memorize the passage in the book as fast as possible but I wasn't fast enough stumbling on the first line of my recitation. Retribution was swift and dreadful. Caning on the palms of my hands is excruciating. I don't know why it gets me wet but the instructor knew it from one look at my panties. Yes, I am that kind of girl. The searing cane on my bare fts hurts even worse and gets me even hotter. The ruler on my backside even with my panties down is easier to take but being gagged with my soaked undies is particularly humiliating.



HUSTLER'S **TABOO**. JANUARY 2012



*I promise to be your
good girl from now on!*

xxxxx Elle

Call 1-800-498-0BEY

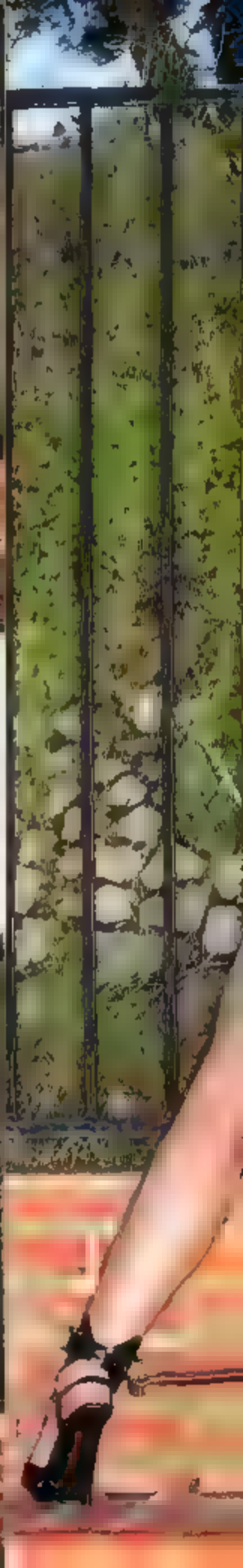
Caller Must Be 18+ • \$3.99 Per Minute





Bratty and flirtatious at which Alexis needs to be put in her place. Up against the cold steel bars of my back fence. Stripped and chained, hands overhead. I make her stick out her tits, ass and cunt for the lash. She whines and squeals, so I whip her harder, stopping every so often to tease her clit or stuff her snatch with a toy until she's gasping, before giving her another few stripes. Fearful and contrite, she begs my pardon, but she has to earn it. I make her squat and piss in the grass, her legs open so I can watch her shameful streaming. No modesty allowed for my slaves.

But I do give rewards as well as punishments. If she sincerely wants to earn my favor, she can start with sucking my wet hole with all her skill. She is good at that, especially when encouraged by my yanking her blond hair. I see the glint in her eye as I buckle up my strap-on. I know she likes it hard and deep, and I give it to her front and back before flipping her down for a good predrivin'. My relentless hammering brings on the screams and shakes every time. Alexis comes so hard, I feel it right through the harness, her grinding triggering my own orgasms while I thrust in until our hip bones coincide. She's a really good girl, my slave, and I wouldn't have her any other way.



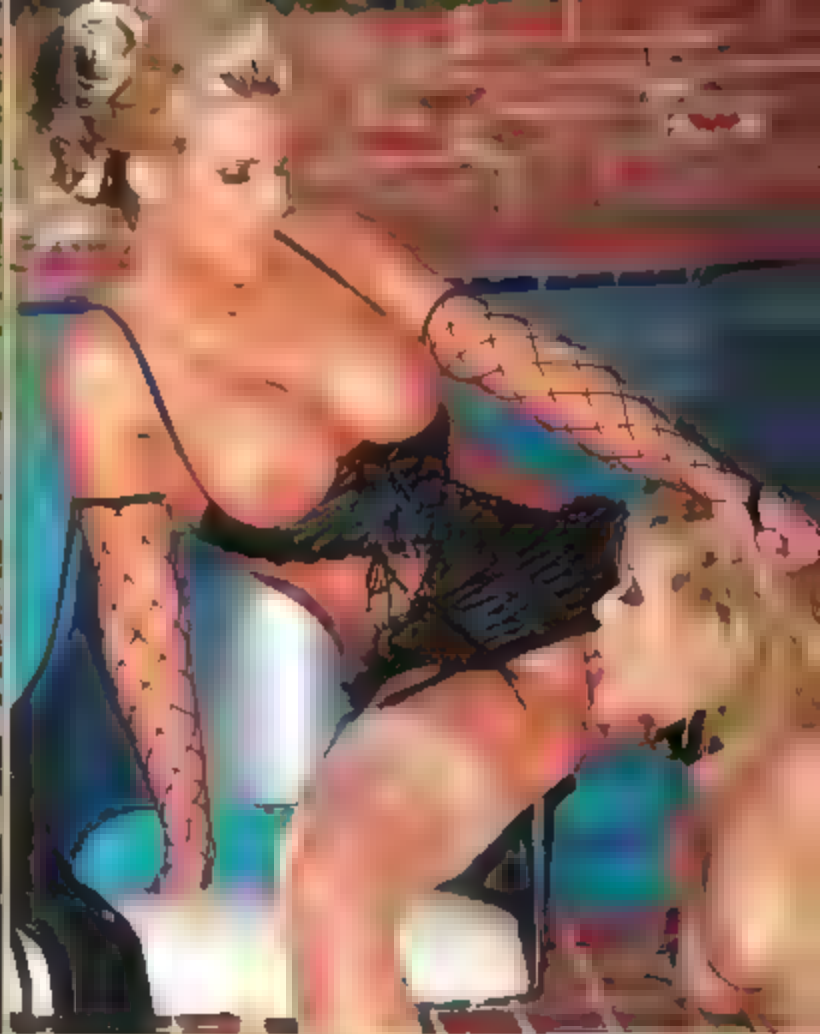


PHOENIX AND ALEXIS BARE AND STRIPES

Photography by Matti Kiatti





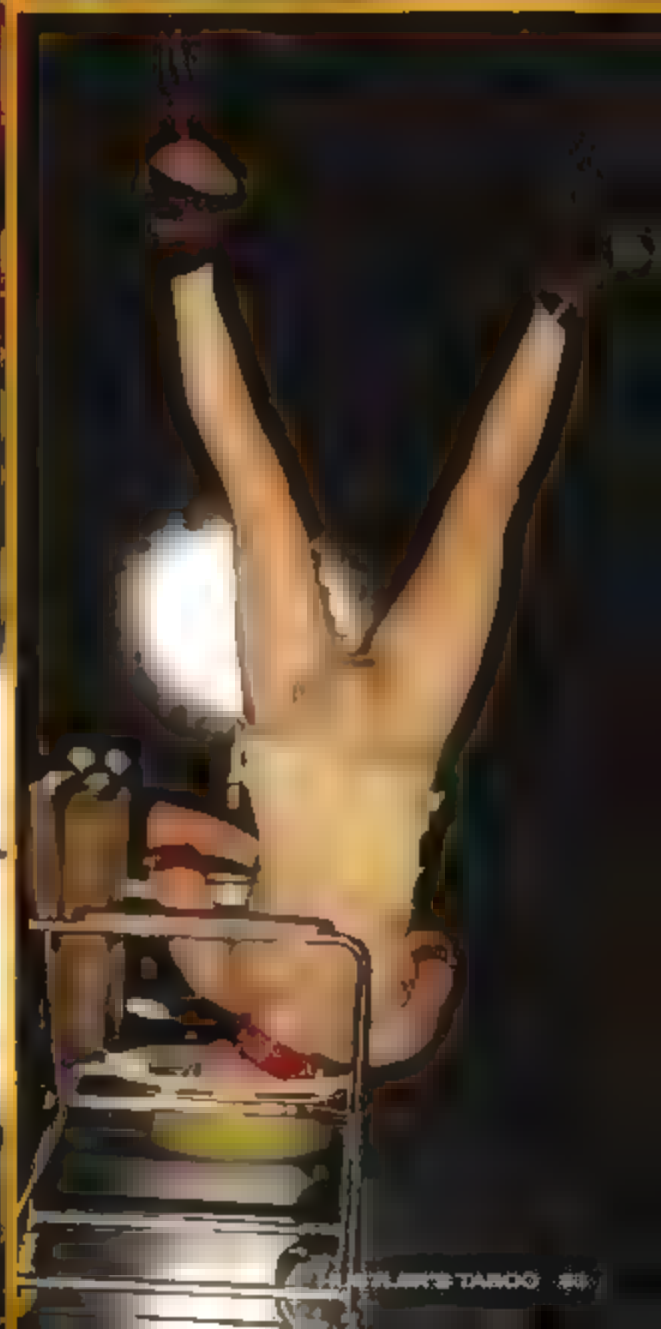
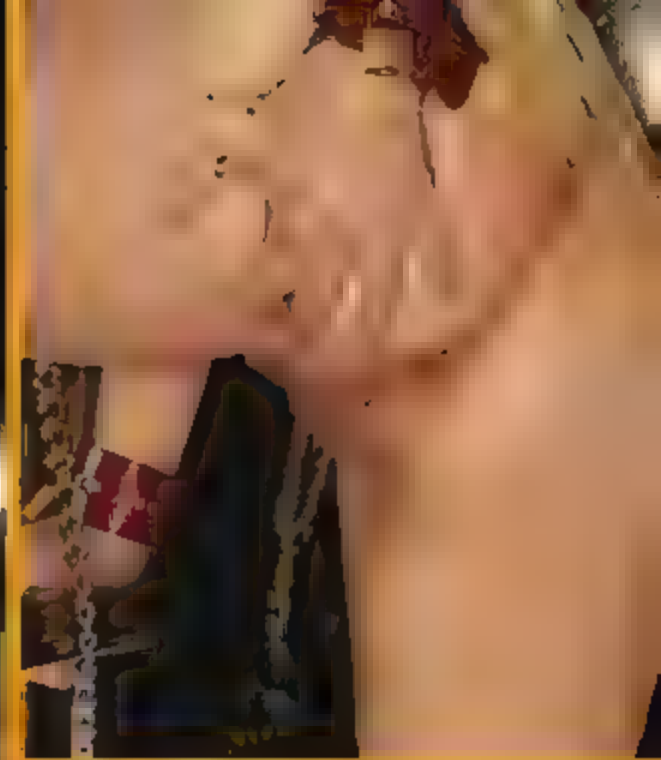














DUNGEON DUET

Fiction by
ERNEST GREENE

Photograph by Alex Meyer

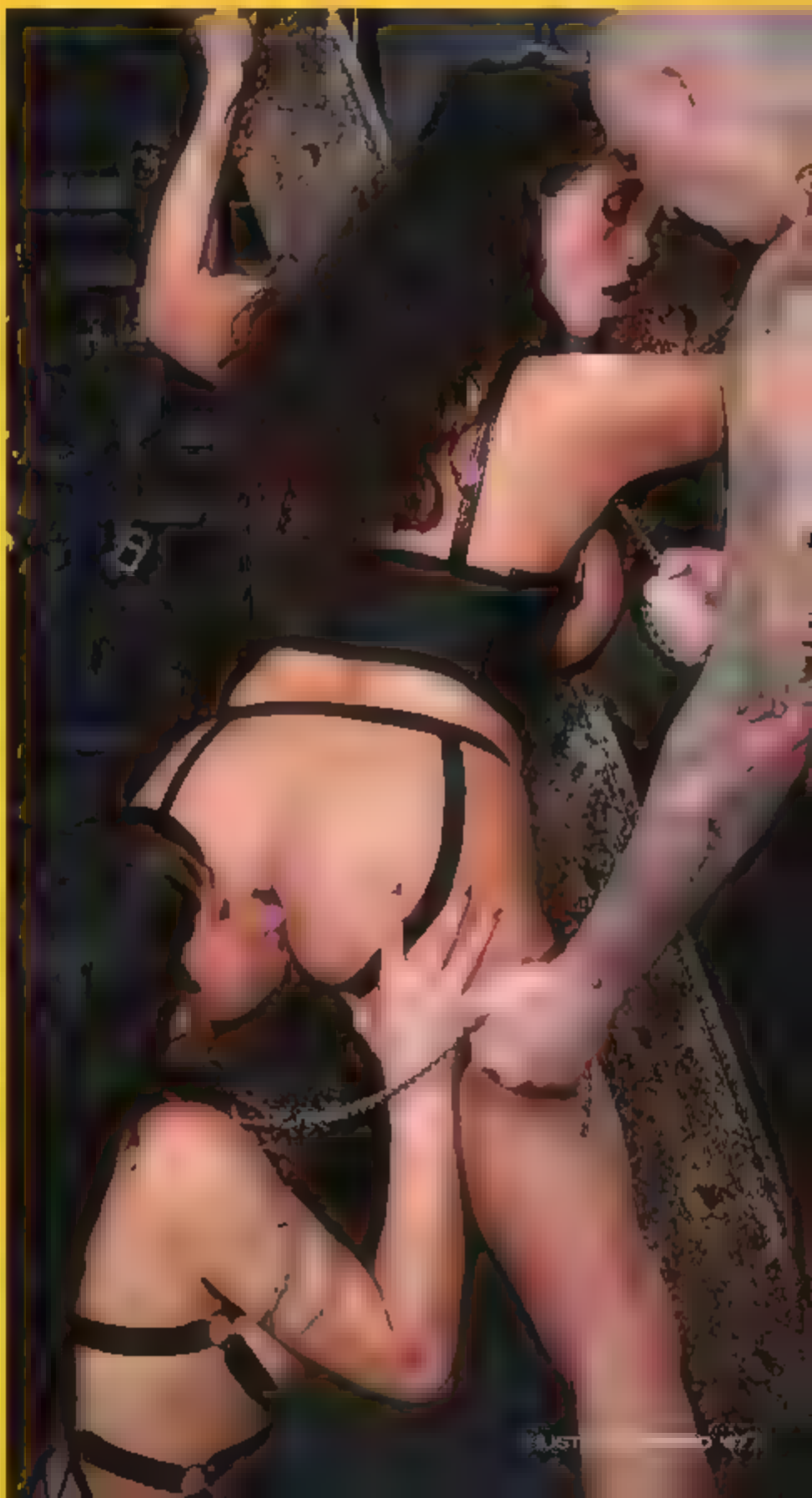
I will have harmony in the harem. The girls know this from the day they arrive. I know better than to require perfect pitch. There will always be competition, petty jealousy and die bitchiness when sex slaves are held in close quarters. Where punishments are plentiful and favors are few, some competition is inevitable. But every girl within these stone walls must cooperate smoothly, whatever her personal reservations, for the pleasure of her master. For the use of the roomers, they must function, merchandise. They must be instruments of satisfaction without a discordant note ever reaching the ears of those who own them.

It's a delicate balance. We do want the darlings giving us their best, the hope of winning our approval, but obvious competition leads to petty acts of sabotage worthy of spoiled children and brats who don't know how to spot. My job as Director of Discipline is to spot potential disobedience and act decisively to discourage it. I take pride in my work, knowing that any master will take any of the slaves I supervise or whatever trouble with absolute confidence in their cooperation to satisfy him.

My eye is on Arelia and Mahna from the day they arrive. I can see they're attracted to each other and to the same kinds of men. At first, it's curious the way they try to outdo each other in their eagerness to serve. But now, the girls begin to sneak into their conversation. As the girls have favorites, and it's bad form to deliberately pick up to someone and then have her beg to worship. Eventually, there are harsh words and then silence, which is what I find in the dungeon where we had them brought to me. Wisely, they greet me with pleasant expressions, but neither cares to deny her spiteful conduct toward the other in recent days.

What to do? They are sister slaves and they will learn to give each other proper affection before either is allowed the privilege of attending to me. They will please and be pleased unless they prefer to share in each other's punishment instead. That suggestion gets a quick vote for reconsideration.

Arelia's first on the X frame, standing spread open in her leather working harness and strapped rigidly into place. Her pussy is offered to Mahna's oral affections, which strikes me immediately as a bit tacky, but which is especia-





ly feeling given Ariea's delectable girly bits. get down next to Mahina for some close order instruction, seizing her by the hair and around the neck, maneuvering her sweating face deeper into Ariea's already dripping gash. These girls have long had all shyness and modesty trained out of them, so assume the worst motives when either's less than enthusiastic.

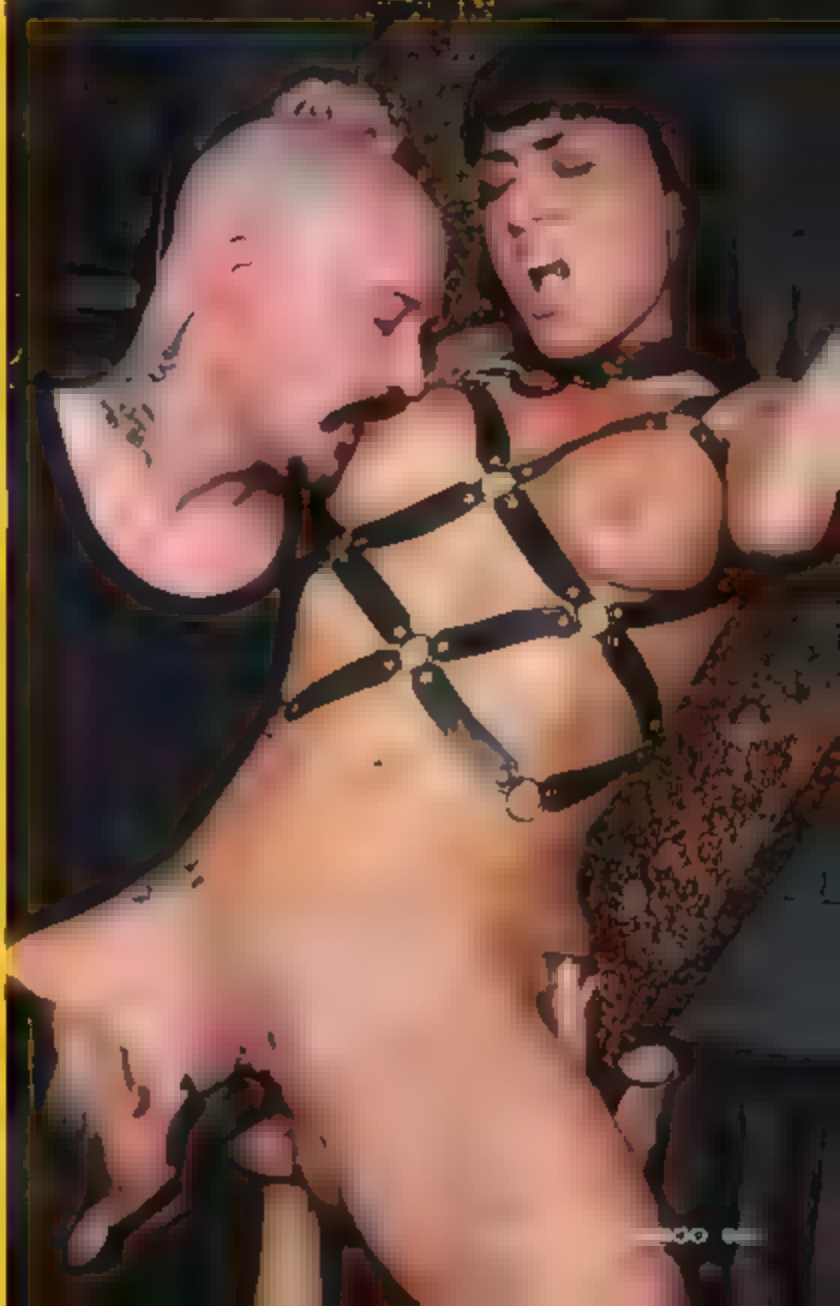
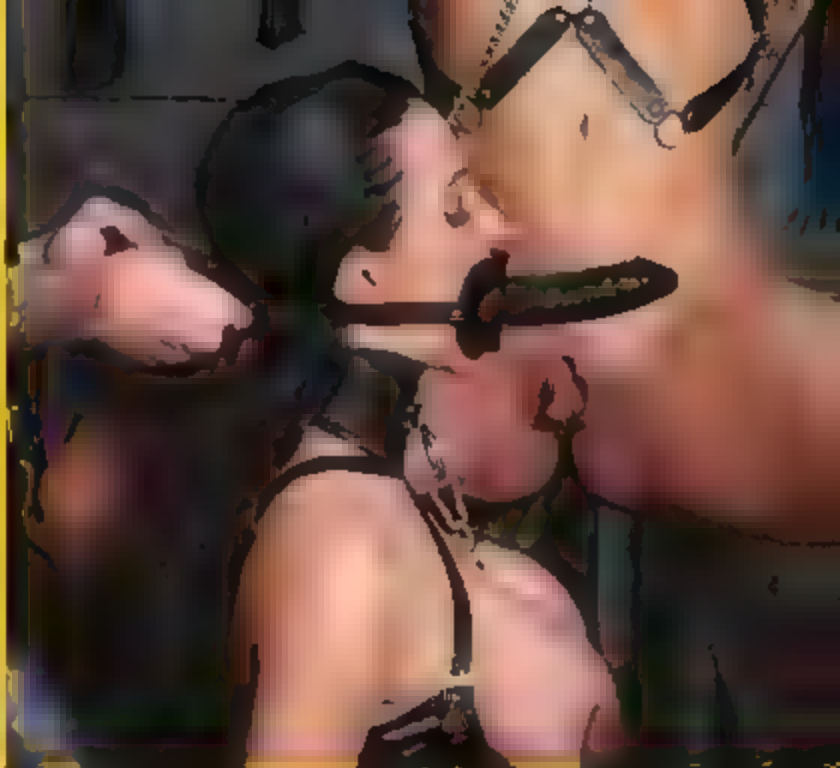
Clearly Mahina takes me seriously as she should, borrowing Ariea's pink slit hungrily, lips and tongue finding all the places that girls know so well. Mahina's posture is admirable and her efforts more committed as Ariea begins to pump and twist in the straps. I've yet to meet the slave without pride in what she can do with her mouth, and Mahina is no exception, asking permission to work from underneath. Granted, of course. She slides between Ariea's long legs, sucking and apping from the clit all the way back to Ariea's tender exposed anus.

This is the humanity I want to see. To encourage it, I turn Ariea on the frame and burke her in again, feeling her sweating, trembling body's yearning for release. Not yet. First, I want to see Mahina's clever tongue swirling in Ariea's puckered hole.

There are whips nearby, and a quick reminder has Mahina spreading Ariea's cheeks and working her pink-perced tongue into her former rival's tailpipe. Ariea thrusts her ass out to meet Mahina's, being not out of spirit, but out of the kind of pure lust she's been trained to get free when permitted. She writhes and gasps in her bonds, inspiring me to play with her clit, pinching and stroking the hard pulp until the inevitable shaking begins. Cresendo from the diamond's shine was a pleas for permission to come, don't grant it quickly waiting both girls to work for their respective rewards.

Gripping Ariea's ass tightly, I feel it pulse under my palm as her orgasmic howling fills the room. Good thing I'd given her leave to go there, else she'd have been even more frantic, which I suspect might have been what Mahina intended, in a fashion. I believe Ariea to have done most of the provoking and we already intended to make her demonstration of ability a bit more demanding, though we stand in the same way. She panting and sweating, legs a little shaky, she steps down from the frame and helps me strap Mahina the other place. I do appreciate Mahina's lush, meaty, metrally shaved nose. I tease Ariea with it as she latter kneels dutifully, agreeing with my vulgar praise of Mahina's intimate anatomy, however she might feel about the gag attached to it. In fact, she looks at it that pink membrane quite hungrily. Given leave to touch, she digs Mahina's slippery lips apart to explore the bound girl's fuckhole with fingers and tongue. Ariea is the more experienced of the two and we noted her tendency to stow off her abilities in such circumstances. Using her teeth with just the right pressure, she opens Mahina wide, apping and stuffing as eagerly as if Mahina were her favorite slave sister. Perhaps after tonight, she will be, but require more proof than Ariea doing what she does whenever a pretty slit is placed within reaching distance.

bring out the dick gag. It's a fairly nasty thing with an interior rubber cock that sticks down the wearers throat almost as far as the exterior one pumps the recipient's pussy. The harder Ariea fucks Mahina with it, the more she choke and gag herself. But know Mahina is a girl who gets off on penetration and to get the desired response, Ariea will have to drive her hard and deep, buckie it around Ariea's head good and tight, her nostrils





flaring at the rude intrusion of the interna prod. This is going to be good. Asave's pride will punish her more effectively than anything a master might inflict.

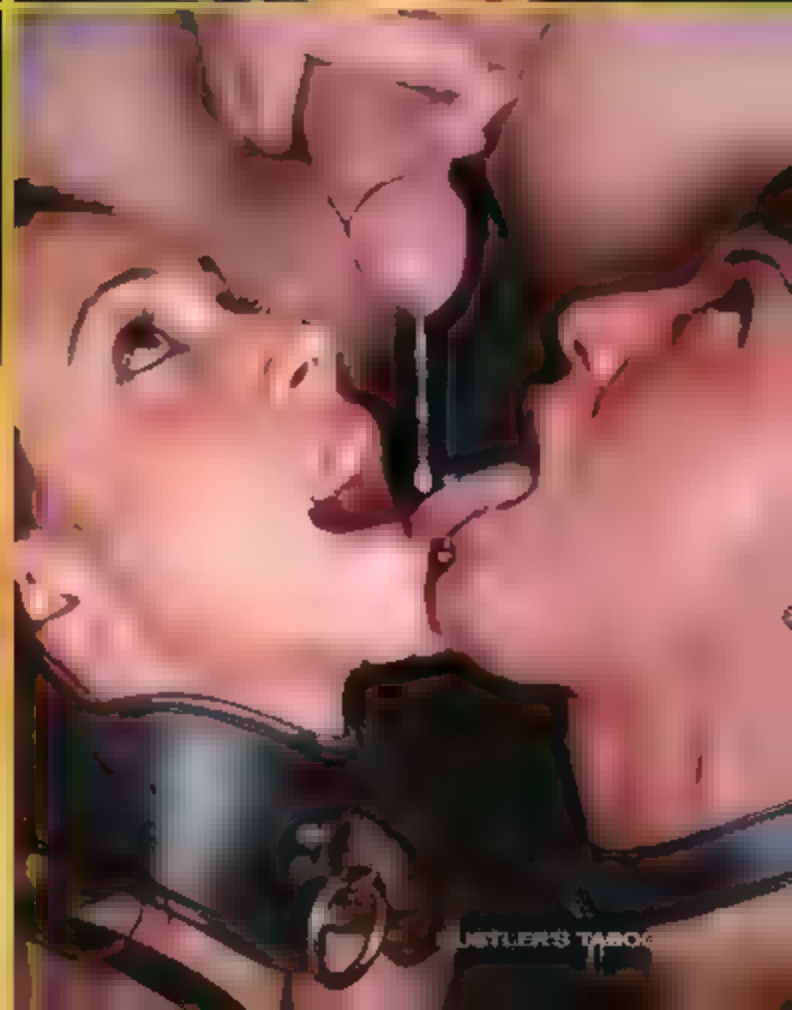
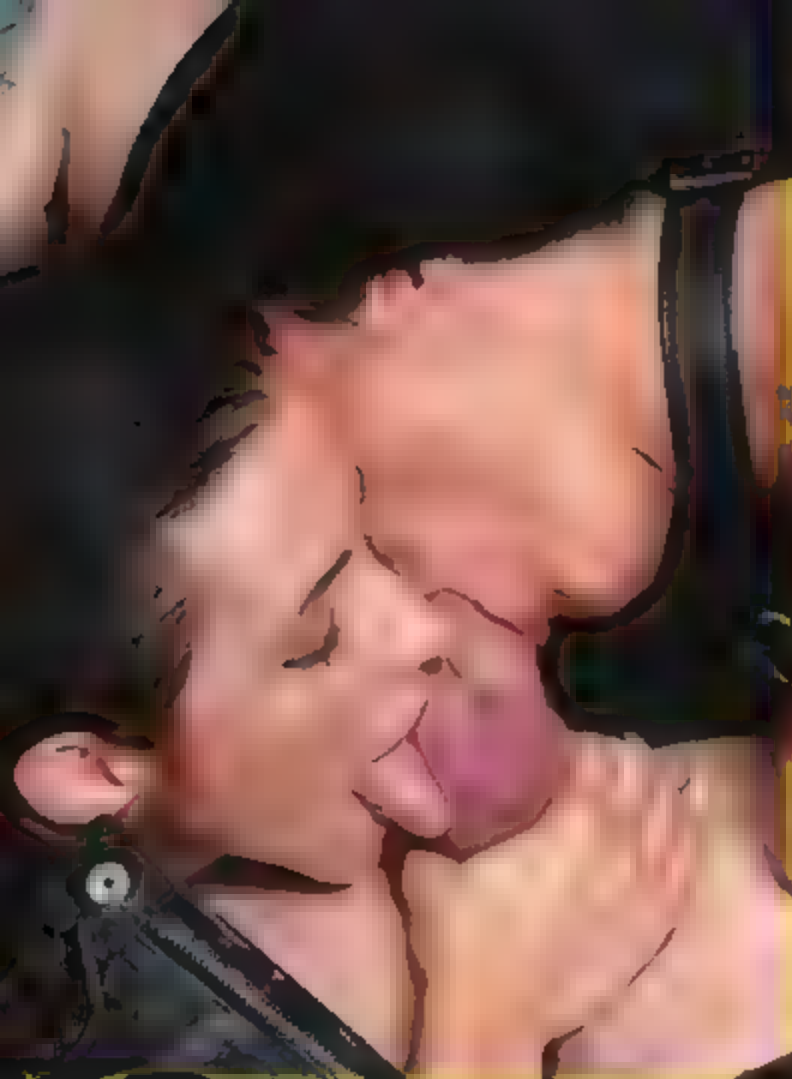
Sure enough, once excited, Mahina proves predictably ruthless, grinding her weight down against Arie's face, driving the twin dicks deeper into both of them, hold the back of Arie's head to make sure she can't retreat, even if she were so inclined. It's a needless precaution. Despite her reaching and drooping, Arie reaches up to grip Mahina's ass cheeks, deliberately impacting them both rather than back away from the stimulation her.

It's an inspiring spectacle. After a merciless face-fucking, Mahina suddenly stills, thrusts her penis all the way down on Arie's packed mouth, and comes with an ecstatic scream accompanied by waves of rippling convulsions. She's forgotten to ask permission, but under the circumstances, do no worse than make her suck her own secretions off the soiled dildo while grip the front of her thighs, push them together until their mouths meet and they're both fighting for air. No question, certainly, it's an intimate moment they've never before.

Now it's time for them to demonstrate how effectively they can work as a team with the red-enhanced ring of the past. They want out of the dungeon; they have a satisfactory first and they get right to it. Passing my back and forth like a fulcrum, they take turns, one sucking while the other eagerly rakes my ass. I don't miss when their eyes meet with a conspiratorial wink. Satisfaction has clearly been restored. I'm partially impressed with the way Mahina swallows, while she starts with half her teammate. But her early work is yet to come when stake Arie's firmly, while leaving Mahina's talented tongue to do its encouragement from below. Rimming her, for a she's worth, her movements speed up as Arie's rides the rod to another shuddering climax. I never cease to be impressed by the way her cunt molasses my cock. No wonder she's always in demand here.

Thoroughly convinced of the sincerity of their economic arrangement, I gracefully turn their lovely faces with the proof of absolute gratification. They kneel before two pretty faces, upturned, two sets of wide-open eyes pleading to please. When I let go the penicup load of lava, they extend their tongues to lough lips, making sure to catch every spurt that doesn't end up frosting the flushed cheeks.

My work is done. Let them go get cleaned up and prepared for the next shift. They're working doubles the rest of the week. I hear the distinct sound of high fives as they make the way from the chamber. It's such a pleasure to make two estranged friends come together, especially when get to come with them.





**JENNIFER
AND ALEX**

**PURGING
HER PRIDE**

Photography by Dave Naz



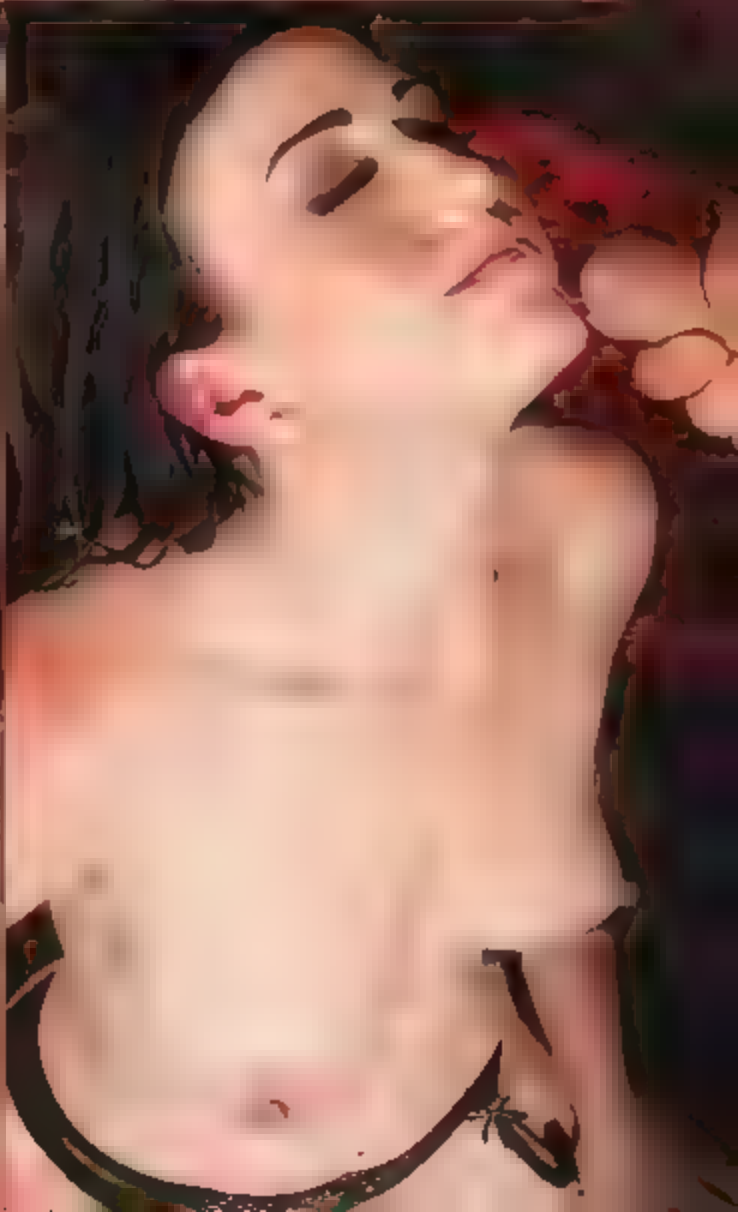
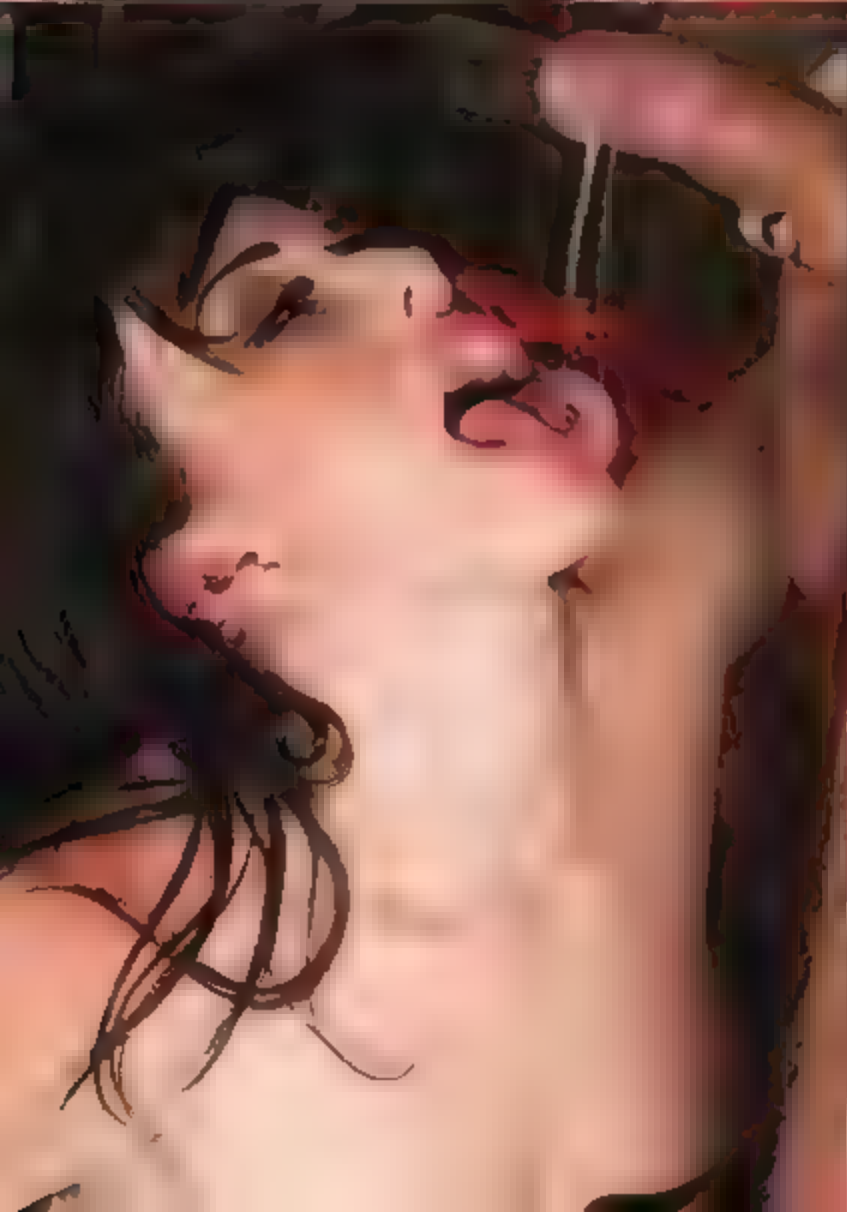
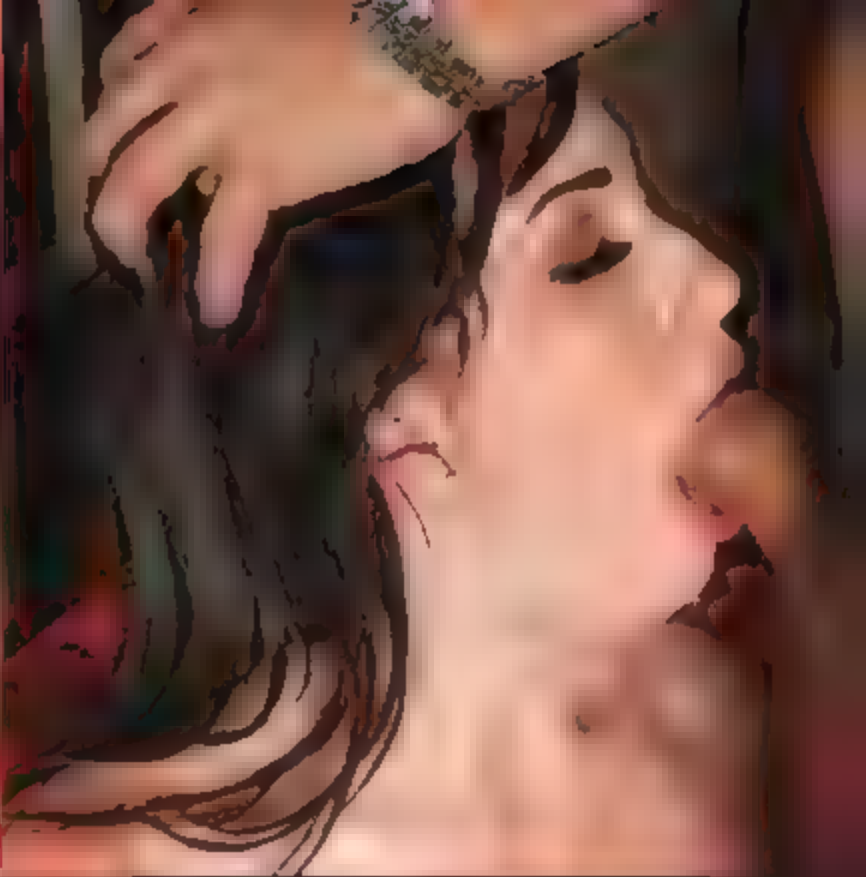




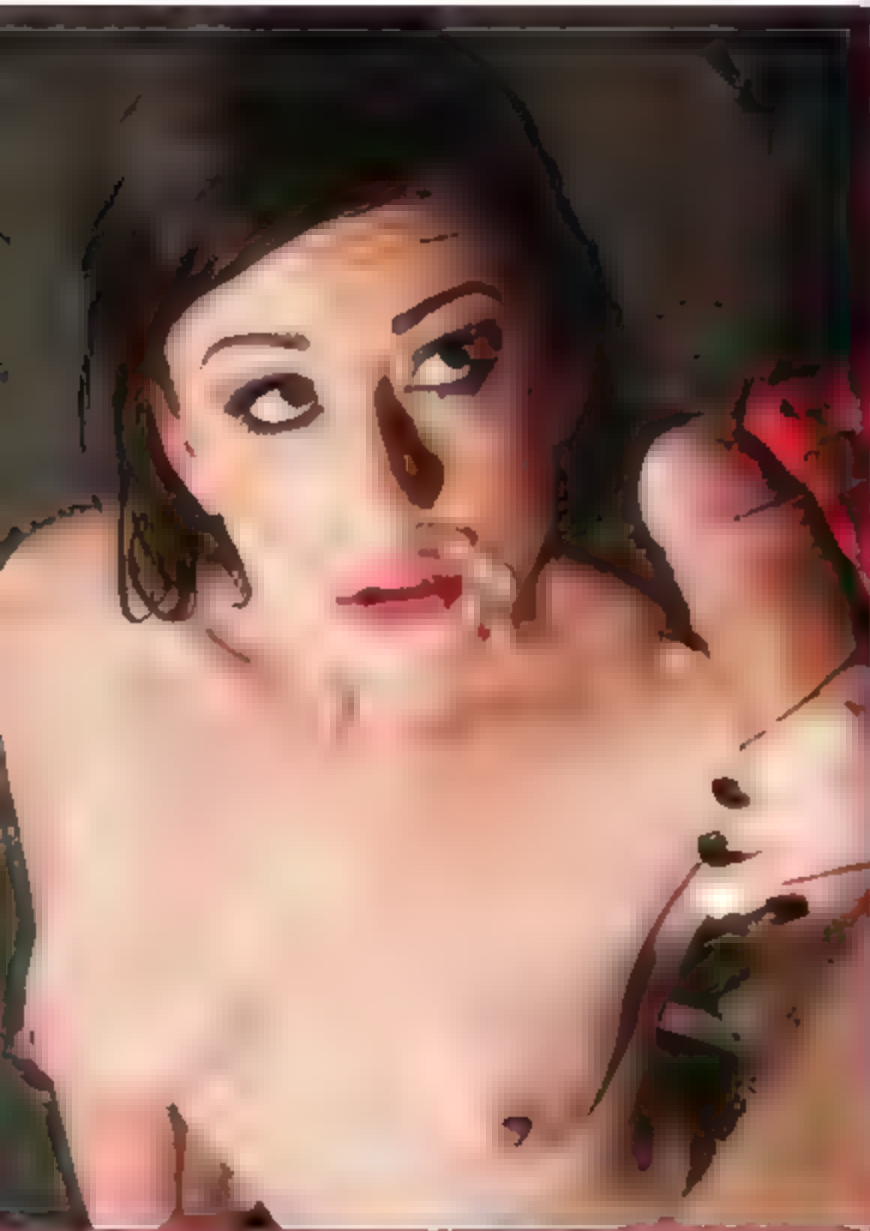






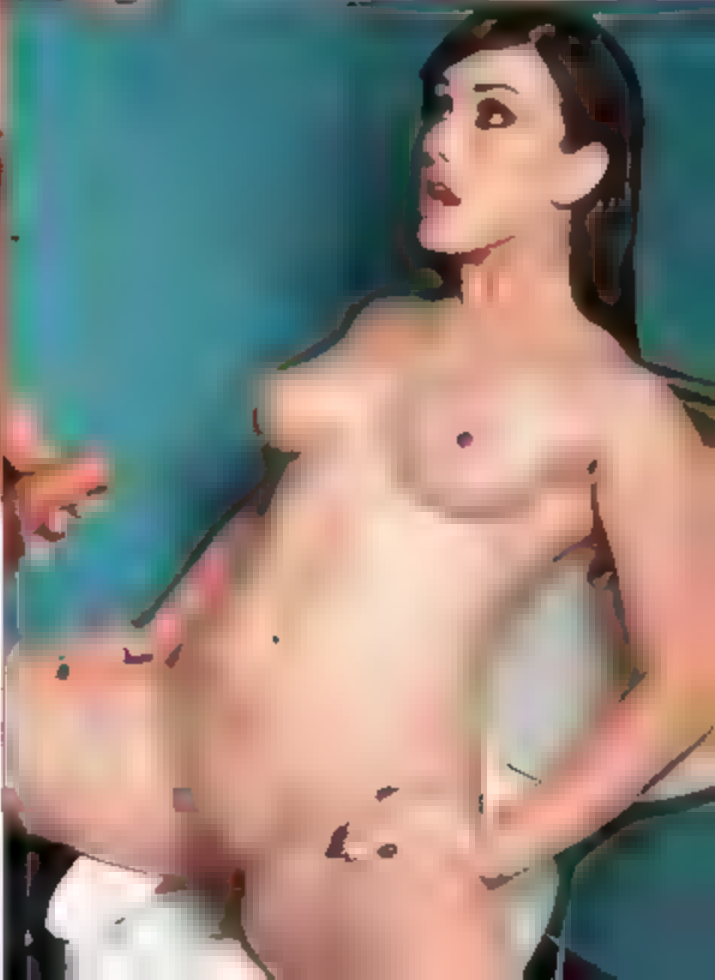
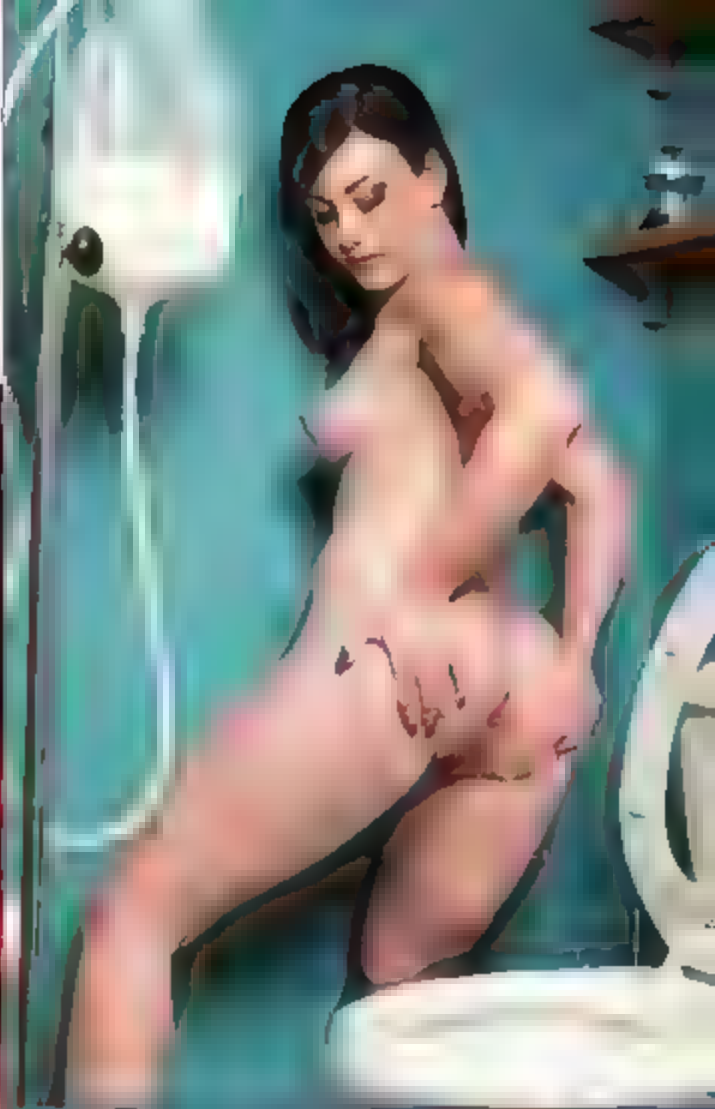


Alex knows how to put me in my place. He reminds me in his bitch as he drags me to his cock by my hair. Hands bound behind me, worshiped, packing my cheeks with hard gristle, licking his scrotum with an eager tongue. No matter how I work to please, he never goes easy on me, tying my hands to the chair legs, clamping my nipples and clit so hard they throb, and skin-fucking me until I choke. What hole will he use next? Bound wrist to ankle with my butt in the air, I have no doubts. When he's in this mood, I know I'll



serve him with my anus. Even though he greases my little hole thoroughly, his cock feels huge going in, filling ass-guts with man meat. He never hurries, pumping me slowly and relentlessly, pulling out every so often to pry my gape and make me suck my own sperm. The ways come hardest when Alex reams my rectum. Every cruel thing he does to me makes me want more. I can't wait to gulp his gobs of acid goop, to feel it flooding over my face, even up my nose.

Even then, he's not done with me. Shoved into the bathroom, I get my plumbing flushed with a huge, cold-milk enema that I have to hold until he's finished emptying his bladder up and down my naked body. Defiled in every way. I'm his humble property, ready for rough use whenever he wants me.





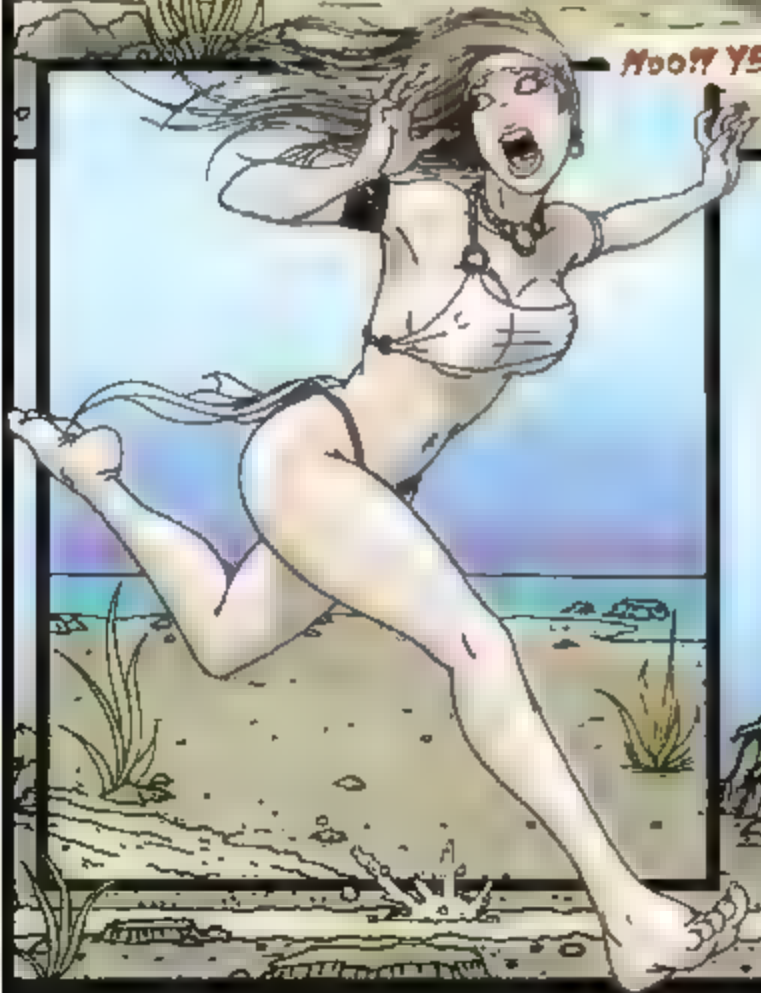
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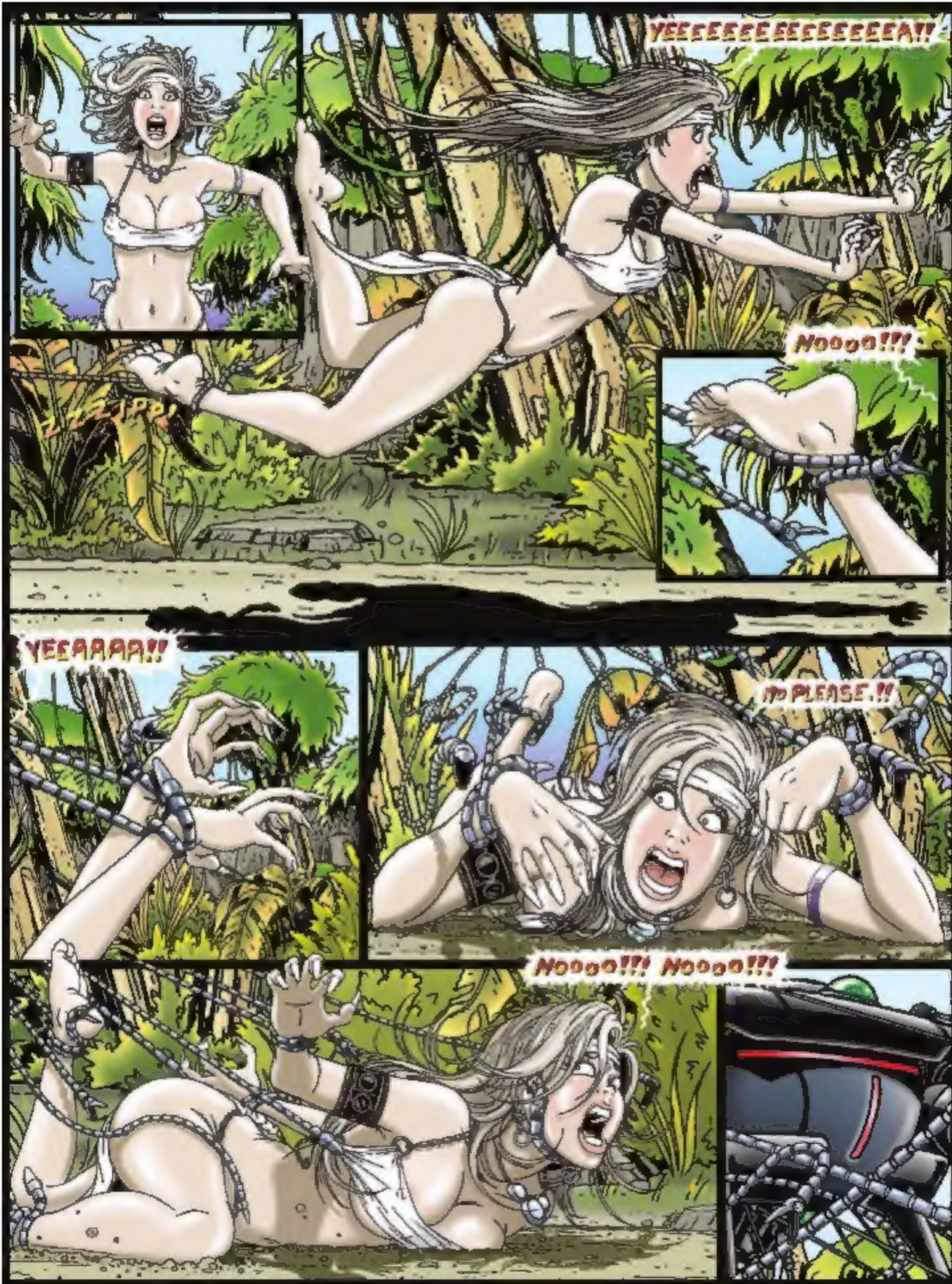
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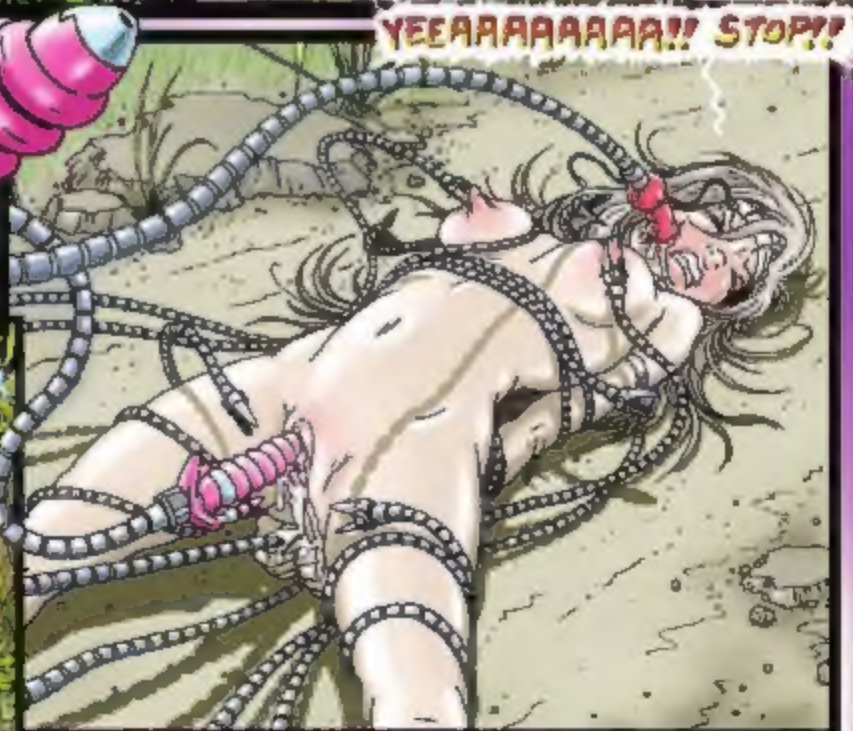
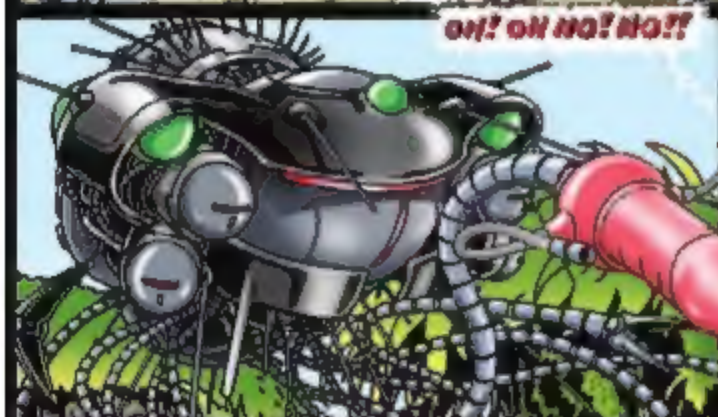


by Roberts

MOON YEEEEEEEEE!!









CONTINUED...

COMING NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER'S **TABOO**

Strung up naked in the dungeon, Cassandra shudders. The intrusion of Mistress's probing finger into Cassandra's puckered rectum elicits a whimper. Jenna's in a mood to hurt and humiliate with whips, oral servitude, and penetration in all holes with various objects. There will be no mercy until both Mistress and slave have experienced multiple climaxes, induced by any means necessary. And this is just a little appetizer for the feast of our February issue. Beautifully bound fetish babes and leaky lessees beg to serve, along with our regular features, *Urination Nation*, *Fetish Focus*, *Anal Advisor*, and a special first look at the latest high-style installment of the cinematic adventures of O. Perfect for Valentine's Day, share **TABOO** with someone you love.

TABOO
FEBRUARY 2012
ON SALE
DECEMBER 27, 2011

